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THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1905

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THE MIRROR SAINT LOUIS



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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Fight Is Lee Against Bill

By William Marion Reedy

LET the people run this town for a while. It has been run too long by the Big Cinch.

The Big Cinch is composed of the Banks, the Social Clubs, the Street Railway System, the Gas Company, the Electric Light Company, the Telephone Companies, the Refrigerator Companies, the steam railroads, the Cella-Adler-Tilles gambling gang.

Representatives of those interests dominate the caucuses in both political parties. From those interests all the bosses receive their instructions. The interests have men on both sides. They win, no matter which side of politics loses.

There's a string to every candidate. You follow it back and you'll find that the end is beyond the political bosses. It is in the hand of Ed Whitaker, or "Jim" Campbell, or John Scullin, or William H. Thompson. Some one of these four has a mortgage upon every candidate for everything or anything, or upon some smaller magnate who has a mortgage on the candidate. These men swing the banks of this town—yes, all of them. They are the masters of the money. They can pinch anybody and bring him to taw—that is anybody who cares for money. They are the rulers of the city.

Dave Francis, Ed Butler, Harry Hawes, the newspaper owners—all are subservient to those men I have named. They stop the flow of money to anyone who does not their bidding and his activity ceases. They are the final arbiters upon all vexed questions of civic procedure. Three or four hundred popularly supposed big men are the puppets of "Ed" and "Jim" and John and "Bill." And Bill, in his big \$15,000,000 bank, dominates them all. He is the man who held the World's Fair between his thumb and forefinger, like a pinch of dust. He is the man they love, for that is the right word to describe their feelings towards him. All the strings lead to him through all the other banks, and all the corporations. He's a wise man—and not an unkind or ungenerous one. He is not a bad citizen. He has the prejudice of money, the superstition of the caste of which he is the apex. All the old party candidates are, in a way, vised by him.

Whomsoever may be elected on either of the old party tickets will be the choice of this sublimation of the "interests." He is the man who concentrates in himself all the essence of power and influence there is in the Big Cinch. Under old party rule there is no getting away from him. He thinks that the present system of things is all right. It is the system that has made him. He believes its maintainance is necessary to the security of life and liberty and property. He believes that privileges are for those who can obtain and use them, and that their use is a popular benefit for which the populace must pay.

This, then, is what the city confronts: Will it submit itself under either Democratic or Republican guise to his supremacy?

Opposed to him is only Lee Meriwether, or rather,

the idea that Lee Meriwether represents. The question is whether Privilege shall have unrestrained sway, or whether the people shall come into their own through their accredited representatives. Shall Mr. Thompson own the city or shall the people own and run it?

Lee Meriwether won't make this the Ideal City "while you wait" if he's elected Mayor. Utopia will not be here when he's elected. The Millennium will not dawn when he's inaugurated.

But his triumph will be a retribution for and a restitution of robbery at the polls, and a step in the direction of government of, for and by the people in American municipalities. The red flag will not flaunt in the streets, but the public property will not be exploited by private interests for public plunder. The interests will not be raped and bankrupted, but their grabbing will be stopped.

And Mr. Meriwether will be elected—if he be not robbed of his victory as he was when Wells was counted into the office he now occupies.

Washington University Grab

By Ruskin Chase

ACCORDING to the *Globe-Democrat*, a movement is under way to transfer the Museum of Fine Arts at Nineteenth and Locust streets to the permanent art building in Forest Park, which was erected for the main building of the fine arts section during the World's Fair. The present quarters of the Art Museum will be turned over to the St. Louis Public Museum, which has collected a large amount of material from World's Fair exhibitors and others. The location of the Art Museum at Nineteenth and Locust streets is considered better suited for a general museum than the location in the park. The quarters of the Art Museum have long been too small for the exhibits, which have been increased greatly by the World's Fair. In addition to many valuable works of art already removed to Nineteenth and Locust streets from the Fine Arts palace at the Fair Grounds, the museum has acquired many valuable pieces from the Fair exhibits, which are still stored in the building on the World's Fair site. The St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts is a branch of Washington University, and is under the direct management of a board of control, while the Art Building on the Fair Grounds is now, or soon will be, the property of the city. The contemplated change has been referred to Mayor Wells, representing the city; D. R. Francis, representing the Exposition Company; R. S. Brookings of Washington University, and W. K. Bixby, who is vice-president of the Museum of Fine Arts and a member of the board of control. Definite action will be taken upon the matter now that Mr. Francis and Mr. Bix-

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by have returned from Cuba. If the change is made, it will involve an expenditure of \$12,000 per annum to heat, light and keep the art building in repair. This the Museum of Fine Arts cannot meet with its present income, and it is intended to ask the city to liquidate the running expenses, on the theory that this is done by every city in this country and in Europe that maintains a first-class art museum.

A very pretty plan. But is the Palace of Fine Arts to be for all the people, or for Washington University first, and for others secondly, through the courtesy and under the direction of Washington University? The *Globe-Democrat's* plan, outlined above, is supplemented by a plan of the *Republic* to sell the Wayman Crow Memorial and use the proceeds for an endowment fund, also, presumably, to be turned over to Washington University. The Washington University may capture the Public Museum as well as the Palace of Fine Arts.

Now is this fair? Should not this magnificent structure, worth from \$600,000 to \$1,000,000, for all time, be not only the property of the City, but managed by it, so as not to be under the domination of any one institution.

The fact that the ruling directors of the Fair are so closely allied with Washington University, should make them hesitate to perpetrate this injustice.

What of municipal ownership?

Moreover, the Washington University expects to ask \$12,000 per year for up-keep of building. This equals an endowment of \$300,000 at 4 per cent. This amount will soon be found too small and more will be asked. Once on the tax list what will prevent this University from resisting any effort of the city to free itself later on?

Already the Washington University is the beneficiary of the city by \$30,000 a year—tax remitted on Cupples' Block. Probably another \$25,000 is taken from other tax lists. (These amounts are not authentic.)

The Washington University has been out for all that is in sight. In March, 1900, an ordinance, No. 19,969, was passed by the Council permitting it to erect an Art Building *forever to be devoted to its department of Fine Arts*. Was it looking then towards the Art Building of the World's Fair?

The papers said when the Washington University tract was to be rented by the Fair that the agreement would be made in the large spirit which should characterize the dealings of gentlemen, one with another. It turns out that they got as rental about \$750,000, the value of their grounds; that is, \$350,000, plus the value of their buildings then erected, about \$400,000.

Their evident control in the school board, their ever reaching out for more, would seem to make wise, conservative action necessary before the city gives away \$1,200,000, ties its hands and the people forever—so far as art and art education are concerned.

The MIRROR is not opposed to education. It is not hostile to Washington University. It believes the city should own and control the Art Palace, that this branch of education should be conducted under the city auspices through representatives of the people and of all the great educational institutions of the city. There is no vestige of the popular idea in the plan to turn over all the people's property in the Art Palace to the representatives of one educational corporation to the exclusion of all others.

The MIRROR does not object to the Fair management's generosity to Washington University in the matter of ground and building rental during and for the Exposition. The MIRROR does not want the Art Palace management turned over to politicians.

The Art Palace should be administered for all the people by representatives of the people, who are not politicians, however selected, and it should not be made an annex of Washington University as were the public schools during the dominance in the Board of Education of Prof. C. M. Woodward. Washington University is a good and a great institution, but it is a private concern, conducted by a close corporation, and the bestowal of the property of all the people upon that concern would be an error of the worst description and a sin against public interest. The people should not be taxed for that concern.

The Art Palace belongs to the people, and in them its control and use must be vested. It should be for all—whether individuals or institutions—on equal terms.



Folk's Ring of Fire

By Callaway Dade

STANGE things have happened at Jefferson City this winter. To the initiated, the strangest of all was the passage by the Senate last week of the Spear maximum freight rate bill, a House measure. To those who are not thoroughly familiar with the cunning resources of the old Democratic State Machine in its rapid work of rehabilitating itself, it was a 100 to 1 shot, five minutes before the roll was called, that the bill would be beaten. A few, very few, knew better. Old-timers could scarcely believe their ears when Buchanan of Moniteau and McAllister of Monroe voted "Yes," but surprised as they were over the votes of these two men, a shock was in store for them when John Morton of Ray also voted "Yes." Men are yet asking: "How did it happen that such an old and faithful corporation Senator as Morton deserted the railroads in their hour of great need?" His vote would have defeated the bill.

Those who look below surface indications give very plausible theories for the lightning change of Morton. To fully understand the situation in all of its ramifications, one must bring himself to realize that the Democratic Senators who owe allegiance to the old State ring have determined to avail themselves of every possible means at their command to put Governor Folk in as bad a light as possible. It must also be remembered that the ring Democrats have determined to punish the Missouri Pacific railroad because Colonel A. G. Cochran, general solicitor for that road, contributed \$1,500 towards Governor Folk's campaign fund; also, because Colonel W. H. Phelps, legislative and political agent of the road, is at odds with United States Senator Stone, Sam B. Cook and several other members of the machine. Since his election, and in interviews denouncing the presence of legislative lobbyists at Jefferson City, Governor Folk stated that if the railroads would keep their lobby agents away from the State Capital, he would, in return, veto any unfair bill passed by the Legislature.

Now, the railroads regard the Spear bill as a very unfair measure. The ratio of reduction in existing rates is from 25 to 35 per cent, the former being the estimate of the friends of the bill and the latter the estimate of the railroads. On some classes, notably agricultural products and live stock, the reduction is fully 60 per cent. Whether just or unjust, the reduction of rates is radical, and there is no sort of doubt that the railroads will ask the Governor to

veto the bill. This is exactly what the old State ring foresaw. It wants the Governor to veto the bill, well knowing that if he does so, they can go into the rural districts and denounce him as a corporation Governor. If he approves the bill, as it is generally believed he will, then the ring will denounce him as a demagogue, and also as having broken faith with the railroads. Meantime, the ring figures that it has already made a double killing, having punished the railroads for Cochran's contribution and for sending Colonel Phelps here to represent their interests, and at the same time placed Governor Folk in a position where he is between two of the hottest kinds of fires.

No one gives Senator Morton credit for being sincere in his desire to see such a radical reduction in freight rates. It was the first vote he ever cast during his long career in the Senate that was not entirely agreeable to these great corporations, and it surpasses belief that he is a sudden convert to the interests of the public in preference to the wishes of corporations. It was this knowledge that caused the wise ones to doubt and do a little investigating that resulted in a summing up of the situation, with the result already stated.

This is another evidence of the stealth with which the ring men are doing their work in the State Senate. Beyond doubt they have been gaining strength right along, and the apparent ease with which results are accomplished must be surprising to the Governor and his friends.

Since it seemed evident that the Governor had lost interest in home rule for the large cities, his enemies in his own party have put their underground machine to work booming it, and it is now passed and sent to the Governor. It is in such shape as to destroy his power over the police and election officials in St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph. The ring men believe that if such a bill is sent to the Governor he will veto it and thus open for them another favorable point of attack. Had the ring men elected one of their own kind to the executive chair, they would fight home rule to the last ditch, and two Democrats in the Senate who championed and enthused for a bill of that kind would not have touched it with a lightning rod. As matters stand, however, the ring would rather have any kind of home rule in St. Louis than Folk rule.

Senator McAllister introduced a bill last week authorizing St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph to construct and maintain, purchase or lease bridges over navigable streams. The measure was later amended so as to permit the construction of tunnels under such streams. In answer to a direct question from Senator Frank Farris, Senator McAllister admitted that the bill had been handed to him by Governor Folk. Senator Farris appeared to be satisfied when he got this fact before the Senate, and even made a motion to suspend the rules in order to push the bill along out of the regular order. Little time as is now left the Legislature in which to finish a badly congested mass of business, the opinion is generally expressed that this bill will become a law.

Although Senator McAllister lives in Monroe County, yet he appears to be greatly exercised to place St. Louis in a position to make the Terminal Association and the two bridge companies remember their past sins. The Terminal Association is being savagely attacked with bills pending in both the Senate and House, which have been so vigorously pushed that if the Assembly so desires, they can all be passed. It is said that these Terminal bills were largely instigated by ex-Attorney General E. C. Crow and that

they have the indorsement of his successor in office. Be that as it may, it is wonderful how fast they have been railroaded along in both Houses. There are three of the bills, and they reduce existing terminal rates from 20 to 33 1-3 per cent. It is said that one of these bills, which relates exclusively to switching charges, would hurt the Wabash railroad infinitely more than the Terminal Association. It reduces switching charges from \$5 to \$3 and seems to be aimed solely at the railroads that do a large amount of switching beyond the territory of the Terminal. It is agreed that if the bridge and tunnel bill becomes a law, and the Terminal Association and the railroads are properly disciplined, St. Louis will have a weapon placed within her hands which will soon do away with the tribute laid on commerce by the bridges and the corporation controlling terminal facilities.

and the corporation controlling terminal facilities. But this belief is mostly a political fake. The Terminal Company is mostly only a mark for "a business proposition."

♦ ♦ ♦

About Butler and Wells

By W. M. R.

THE *Republic* screams that the fight for Wells will be a fight against Butler all down the line.

How funny!

Who are for Wells?

The Street Railways. Who boodled through the franchise steals for the railways? Butler. Sam Priest for the street railways sat in the Wells caucus.

The Gas Trust. Wasn't Butler indicted for boodling through the lighting contract, nineteen votes at \$2,500 a vote. Zack Lionberger of the Gas Gang sat in the Wells caucus, is Wells' closest friend.

The Cella-Adler-Tilles gambling syndicate. Hawes is the representative of that concern, and Hawes built himself up on alliances with Butler. Hawes is the leading Wells striker.

The Bankers' Combination and the Trust Companies. Every last one of them was busy covering up accounts on their books which Butler had drawn on for boodle to buy favors from the Municipal Assembly, when Folk first got busy on Butler's trail.

Who put up most of the money to elect Wells? James Campbell, Butler's friend.

Who stuffed Wells in and counted Meriwether out? Butler and his Indians. Campbell's money paid the expenses.

The World's Fair bunch wants Wells. To whom did the World's Fair bunch put up \$15,000 to stuff through the World's Fair charter amendments and the bond issue? To Ed Butler. Didn't Hawes squeal because he didn't get the money?

Who elected Folk Circuit Attorney?

Butler's strong-arm stuffing Indians.

Who has made Butler what he is in this community?

The very men who support Wells for Mayor and map out the campaign against Butler.

Who counted Bill Ewing out of the Mayoralty and David R. Francis in, and thus put Dave on the road to fame?

Butler.

Who made Harry Hawes a boss by showing him how to roll Hugh Brady from the chairmanship of the City Committee?

Butler.

Who helped Wells' father make his money out of franchises jammed through the Sweet Sixteen Council?

Butler.

Who is the man who has done political favors for almost every man and concern that now screams "Up with Wells" and "Down with Butler?"

Butler.

There is not one leading Wells booster now poisonsly bitter on the *Republic*'s campaign plan that is not under obligation to Butler, politically or financially, or both.

There are some in the bunch that sit secure and respected, and spitting venom at Butler—why?

Because Butler, under fire, with the penitentiary staring him in the face, did not squeal on them and their associates, his employes and pals.

Down Butler! A lovely cry from the throats of those who debauched Butler.

Wells would never have been heard of but for Butler, and if Butler had the cur-spot in his heart like some of the Wells caucus crowd now reviling him, after standing on their constitutional rights, they would be in stripes.

Butler's no saint. He's a bad man. But when I see and hear some people now leading a fight upon Butler, and think of what Butler has done for them, I think that any foul bird may soar in air and drop its excrement on a Titan.

Butler is purer-hearted and whiter-souled than five out of eight of the caucus that fixed up the war on Butler. He is the worst he is because of what he did for those who now vilify him.

The *Republic*—if Butler were paid for all the dirty work he did for the Knapps; in the days of their dominion, the *Republic* would be as bankrupt of money as it is of spirit and influence.

♦ ♦ ♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

WELLS for the Swells!

♦ ♦

THIS city looks to Gov. Folk for a fair and honest municipal election next April. There are some premonitory symptoms that such an election is what we won't get. Police Commissioners Stewart and Frisstoe should watch the police transfers. The election will be stolen, if all points be not watched. Stolen for Wells, I mean.

♦ ♦

ROLLA WELLS has been a good Mayor in a way that calls to mind the small boy's answer to the question, "When is water lukewarm?" The answer was: "Water is lukewarm when it looks warm and it isn't."

♦ ♦

Mr. Busch and the Terminal

If the Terminal Association fights the Busch Manufacturers' Railway bill as a menace to its monopoly, why doesn't the *Post-Dispatch*, which professes to hate the Terminal monopoly, advocate the passage of the Busch bill? One competitive artery of commerce is more worth as a check upon Terminal exaction and extortion than all the legislation on rates that can be devised. That is queer antagonism to the Terminal which obstructs the passage of a bill which will break the Terminal's hold on the city's commerce. For long we have heard the cry, "The

Terminal has no competition: therefore it is a tyranny!" Now the tyranny is attacked by the provision of a competing entrance to the city for freight, and the loudest shriekers against the tyranny disparage and discredit the enterprise and obstruct its furtherance in legislation. "What guarantee have we," the *Post-Dispatch* asks, in effect, "that Mr. Busch will not sell out to the Terminal?" What guarantee have we, it might as well be asked, that Joseph Pulitzer and his *Post-Dispatch* have not sold out to the Terminal? The latter question is no more crazy than the former. Mr. Busch's faith is as good as Mr. Pulitzer's, and his word is as good with the people of this city. No one of sense wants to break or destroy the Terminal Company. All that is involved in the present instance is the granting of a right-of-way to a concern, the operation of which promises us the benefits of reduced rates for switching as a result of legitimate business competition. Give Mr. Busch what he asks for.

♦ ♦

"A HAWES! A Hawes! My kingdom for a Hawes!" cries Rolla. But "they ain't no Hawes" since Folk skinned the CAT.

♦ ♦

Credit for Sager

CIRCUIT ATTORNEY SAGER's fight for the repeal of the Breeders' Law has resulted in a greater good to the city than Folk's fight on boodle. It will save more men and women from material and spiritual ruin. It will blot out more misery. It will keep more men honest. It will do more to cleanse politics. It will hold together more homes. It is a greater positive good than any result of Folk's work. He went forward when no other man in the city would. He imperiled his political future. He bucked up against as much money power as confronted Folk, and against fully as great political influence. It is disgraceful that the newspapers should refuse him a tribute of appreciation, while they are lauding themselves. Sager is as big a man as Folk, and time may show him bigger.

♦ ♦

The "Big Dago" Did It.

Now that the racing game is smashed, I am somewhat sorry. I am sorry for all the men around town who have made a living in more or less direct connection with the institution and had come to think themselves engaged in legitimate business. I am sorry for the retail storekeepers who will miss the profit on the trade of the sporting fraternity. I am even sorry that Mr. Harry B. Hawes' annual fee as attorney for the racing game may be reduced, now that there is nothing left for him to protect with his political pull, for Harry's a good fellow and the money is handy. I'm sorry for Pat Carmody and his associates in the Union track, who have lost out on their venture. But all the sufferers have no one to blame for their loss and disaster but Cella-Adler-Tilles and Hawes. They became wolves. The CAT wanted to monopolize all gambling. It insisted on crucifying and crushing Carmody. It forced itself, through Hawes, into political supremacy. It controlled the Democratic committee, owned the House of Delegates, forced its tools on the State Senate and House, had its men on the Circuit Bench and controlled the police force so far as gambling was concerned. The CAT owned the town and oppressed the sporting classes everywhere. It spoiled and soiled Hawes who, being a Kentuckian, stood for things in the name of "horse" and "sport" that his innate qualities would have revolted against under other circumstances. The CAT

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dominated him and raised up enemies for him everywhere, while its friendship and support became a withering blight upon him. The thing that destroyed a reasonable, tolerable sporting element in this city was the brutal intolerance, rapacity, tyranny and corruption of the Cella influence in the Cella-Adler-Tilles combination. Cella wasn't out for sport, but for rape of the public purse. He aimed at dictatorship and the destruction of all those who would not pay him tribute. Sam Adler and Cap Tilles were fairly decent fellows, even if they did profit by the methods of their wicked partner. Cella invited the wrath that has come upon their plots and schemes and in the visitation a great many good fellows have suffered, to my regret. Cella made the racing game an infamy. Its profits based in embezzlement, debauchery, murder were cursed and the curse has fallen. There is yet another curse to come. It is due upon the great bucket-shop game at Fourth and Pine, under the name of the Cella Commission Company that ramiifies by special wires to more than a hundred towns in the Middle West and is seeking out victims for the stock gambling game among the bank officials, merchants and professional men in the country towns. The hour will strike before long for this game, too. It is a graft, a swindle, a steal even more than the racing system had grown to be. The "Big Dago" is not yet reduced to his original status. But he will be. If he is wise he will keep his "cush" and stay in Italy.

♦♦

SPRING is here. The millinery advertisements are blooming in the newspapers. Likewise the blood-medicine ads.

♦♦

Credit for Repeal.

THERE is credit enough to go round among all in the victorious fight against the Breeders' Law. The MIRROR outlined the fight. The Chronicle and Post-Dispatch were the heavy batteries and the Globe-Democrat was the crashing reserve that broke the strength of the opposition. The Star was in silent sympathy with the gamblers and the Republic's attitude was that of contemptible and fumbling friendliness to the race gambling gang. If any individual crusader deserves credit for the result it is "Joe" McAuliffe of the Post-Dispatch, correspondent at the State capital, who kept the public informed of the progress of the bill, kept tab on the Senators and blew up the schemes of the opposition. His work stirred up public opinion at the critical time to force the Senators to right action. It was Senator Thomas R. R. Ely of Dunklin county whose splendid speech won the final necessary vote, that of Senator Hicks, to break up the State's partnership in a gambling game. Senator Ely is the leading orator and logician of the Senate, and we shall hear of him to good account again. Of course, Governor Folk deserves credit for exercising his personal influence on the Senators in favor of repeal. And all the Senators who voted down the infamy deserve grateful remembrance.

♦♦

IN the matter of real estate, this city's boom comes after the World's Fair. In other cities it preceded the event. It's more sensible to build a boom on hindsight than on foresight that may be foolish. This is now the most prosperous city in the United States.

♦♦

Brown's the Fashion

EVERY day discloses another batch of white girls who followed the Filipino soldiery from the World's

Fair. When the little brown soldiers were leaving the police had to help them to beat off the women who were slavering the midgets with farewell caresses. As one anti-Imperialist said, the great question is not what we will do to the Filipinos, but what the Filipinos will do to us. White people should not be allowed to mix blood with those of the East. The result has never been good at any period of history, and yet there are signs that there is a sort of epidemic of intermarriage between whites and Japanese in this country. It is a bad social sign. It is a yellow peril, indeed.

♦♦

"PARSIFAL" has come and gone. It was a great success. We shall hear much of its influence. Fiddle-de-de! It was a fad, and nothing more. It has no more influence on the many than had "Pinafore." Not as much, in fact.

♦♦

Missouri's Toga-Tussle

THE Democrats can break the Senatorial deadlock in this State. They can vote for a Republican when they find they cannot get enough votes for Cockrell, who won't get out of range of the chance of his old job. They can vote for that Republican whose election would be most damaging to the Republican party—the man whose success will destroy all hope of his party's holding control of the State.

Aliens

By Edith L. Lewis

S TILL are the many houses,
And still the long street lies;
The moon above the house-tops
Shines through cloud-traveled skies;
From lands of spendthrift treasure
It looks and lights the way
Of those whose beggared footsteps
Out-march the sleeping day;

Of those to whom the darkness
Brought not their heart's desire,
But filled their cup with longing,
And fed their veins with fire;
Who up and down the pavements
From eve till morn must go,
Pursuing dreams that lead them
In ways I do not know.

Down there go lads that wander
With pulses hot as mine;
Slow are their feet to follow
There where their thoughts incline;
Far are the lips that cherished,
The hearts they lay beside,
And far to find by starlight
The joys of morning-tide.

They walk all night for solace,
And here alone sit I,
And weigh the heavy footfall
Of each who hurries by;
Till one, beneath his trouble
More wistful than the rest,
Looks up, and knits my burden
To that within his breast.

—From *March Scribner's*.

That man would be Mr. R. C. Kerens. But Mr. Kerens' election would be to the State's discredit in so many ways one cannot enumerate them, and the State should not be made to suffer disgrace in order to put a party in the hole. The Republicans can break the deadlock by voting for Cockrell—only a few of them need do it. And that might be defensible now on the score of "the era of good feeling" and the sympathy between Cockrell and President Roosevelt. But the Republicans who went into their party caucus and pledged themselves to stand by the man, as legislators on joint ballot, on whom the choice fell in the party-caucus ballot, are still in honor bound by that pledge. They have not done what they asserted upon their honor they would do. They have not done their duty to the State, to their party or to themselves. They have betrayed every trust reposed in them, and their votes for any other man than the one to whom they pledged their votes will stain the honor of the Senatorship for the man who attains it by their support. The Republicans are taking desperate chances in approaching adjournment without electing a Senator. If the election goes over to another session they will lose the State by virtue of the legislative dissension. The Democrats have more than a good show to secure the Senatorship, but it shouldn't go to Cockrell. He has a good job now, and he well may make way for a younger man. He would probably do so but for the fact that the State ring has not yet been able to agree upon the man to take his place. As for the Republicans, if they ever come to the stage of dropping the two chief present contestants for the honor, they will have plenty of material from which to choose. If the choice could be left to Republican voters on the score of public service, as higher than and not distinct from party service, the race would be between Pat Dyer and Richard Bartholdt. Dyer as an early and later prosecutor of boodlers—Bartholdt as the most effective Congressman Missouri has had in twenty years. Dyer helped smash the Whiskey Ring and even tore criminals from under the protection of Grant's strong arm. Bartholdt is the champion before the world, for peace, and the spokesman for liberty against those who would by harsh immigration laws, defeat the purposes of the Fathers of the Republic and "shut the gates of mercy on mankind." If neither of these men can be recognized to break the deadlock, the Republicans could not do better than try to choose between representatives of the two Republican newspapers. Mr. Nathan Frank, of the *Star*, is a man who would fit the place. Capt. Henry King, of the *Globe-Democrat*, is a war-horse of the party and an able personage. Col. Wells H. Blodgett would be a strong man for the place, but he is a railroad man, though one of the greatest in the country, and one of the cleanest. Maj. W. H. Warner, somehow, is out of the running, though why, it is hard to understand. There may be "others" in the minds of some few, but they do not seem to promise the requisite strength to draw votes to themselves. The Republicans are certainly silly. If they lose the State they have only themselves to blame. They magnified the nonentity who now obstructs a choice. They gave him honor which now dishonors and discredits them. They worshipped a money-grabber and they are paying the penalty for adoring the golden calf—they are kept out of the Promised Land. Mr. Akins is back from Washington; surely there must come something from that fountain of honor and wisdom that can save the party from being

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ridiculous in its first substantial victory in this State in a generation. The Republicans are lost if the Legislature adjourns without electing a Senator.

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ROLLA WELLS, as Mayor, has been a Big Man in Little Things, but a Little Man in Big Things. Nuff sed.

❖❖

FESTUS WADE for the Mercantile Trust Company went to Washington the other day and gobbled up the entire issue of government bonds for Philippine improvements from competitors in all the big cities of the country. Things are coming our way, when we go and fetch 'em. And Fes is a fetcher, you bet. No need for a Million Club if every St. Louisan will hustle like the Mercantile's president.

❖❖

ST. LOUIS has beaten the record for enthusiastic patronage of "Parsifal," but the Rodgers Brothers still hold the record for the greatest week's business here. Which is probably all right. Wagner couldn't have written a Rodgers Brothers *opus* in a thousand years.

❖❖

Clean Out the Jail

OUR city jail is full of prisoners who have not been tried because they are too poor to obtain counsel to advance their cases on the docket. Some of them, many of them, in fact, are probably innocent. They are entitled to a speedy trial, and to good counsel to defend them. All bond prisoners' cases should be delayed until the untried list of jail prisoners is reduced in size. Mr. Sager has said he will clean out the jail cases, that he will bring them to trial, even if defendants on bail have to wait. This is what should have been done long ago, but there was no time for trial of minor causes because there was so much more fame in working up those in which there was great popular interest, or there lurked strong political values. The defendant out on bond suffers little from delay of his case, while the man imprisoned and unable to get bail or a lawyer may be suffering confinement for something of which he is innocent.

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FOLK is against Meriwether and with the *machine*. He once fought the machine. Folk once fought boodling. Now he fights Meriwether, whose programme contemplates the stopping of boodling by keeping public utilities out of private hands. Folk is *Icabod*.

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MERIWETHER is entitled to the return of his stolen property. 'Twill be poetic justice when Rolla gives up the office to Lee.

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The Hell-Rule Bill

THAT so-called Home Rule bill for St. Louis means only that St. Louis would be ruled by a bi-partisan machine. The worst crooks in both parties would combine to share the spoils, and the citizenry would have no escape by turning with their suffrages from one party to another in order to rebuke misgovernment. Moreover, the bill seems to be a result of a deal between machine Democrats and Republicans whereby the former give the latter the home rule bill in return for not passing the bill to make pool-selling a felony. The Home Rule measure is a triumph for the gambling ring, as far as it goes. It is designed to give Wells, as Mayor, if elected, control of the police. Wells, if elected, will be controlled politically by Hawes. Hawes is owned and controlled politically by the gambling ring. Therefore, the police would be under the dominance of the gambling ring influence. The Home Rule project was fostered by

the most notoriously venal element in the Democratic majority of the State Senate—by Farris and Morton and Kinealy. Those people passed it because it was called Home Rule, and that was a cry of the Governor's before election. They passed it to put it up to him to turn it down. They think he will not dare to veto the measure. I think he will. I hope he will. This Home Rule bill, if it becomes a law, will intensify police tyranny in politics. It will operate to keep the police in league with crime. It will make the police a club to force all the saloon men, all the gamblers, all the lawless elements of all parties into a combination to control the situation, regardless of party names or lines. This law, if it goes upon the statute books, will give this town over to a semi-military despotism, put it under the terror of an army of political thugs increaseable at will, and unlimitedly for any vile purpose that may actuate or inspire any occupant of the Mayor's chair. Here's a splendid chance for Gov. Folk to put his veto brand upon the bill, and those who concocted it. The measure is bad politics and bad morals. It may be bad law, but that doesn't matter, since our Supreme Court is a part of the State machine, and it is a custom at Jefferson City for the crooks to have their legislative plots shaped into conformity with the decisions of record by the judges who may have to pass upon their validity, before the plots are submitted for enactment. Home rule! Call it Hell rule and you'll call it right.

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"WE gave St. Louis clear water!" cry the Wells crowd. They did, but the stuff with which they clear

The Warrior's Grave

(From Lermontov.)

By J. S. Phillimore

H E sleeps in his last sleep, long time
He sleeps in his last sleep;
Green breadths of grass approach and climb
To roof his earthen heap.

Hoar ringlets of the patriarch moulder
Mixt in the paste of clay;
Time was, they wagged upon his shoulder
And dipped in goblets gay—

Oh ringlets white as foam of seas
Against the headland flung!
The cold has froze what nought could freeze,
The sweet counsels of his tongue.

The dead man's cheeks, they're full as pale
As his foes' faces grew
Pale, when their ranked array to assail
Alone he rose to view.

Damp sods his breast do bury,
But that's no burden now:
The worm, all undisturbed and merry,
Pries in and out his brow.

Lived he for this? Drew sword for this?—
That, come the hour of dark,
The eagles of the wilderness
Should perch on his green ark?

Had he no bards—that name, that strife
In the mind of men to keep?
Why song's but song, and life's but life—
He sleeps in his last sleep.

the water kills the fish in it. The Wells administration is rough on suckers, meaning *hoi polloi*. It doesn't hurt the St. Louis Club or Jefferson Club bunch. They drink champagne.

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"WHAT could we do?" cries Wells when his futile administration is attacked. "Whom can we do?" is the cry of those back of him.

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MERIWETHER as Mayor won't mean the Millennium, but it will mean a new deal. He won't be controlled by an agent of Cella-Adler-Tilles, the Gambling Syndicate.

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"Ned" and "Judy"

Most of us will remember 1904 for the glories of the World's Fair, but I think about three thousand St. Louisans will chiefly remember the year 1905 for that in this twelvemonth they saw the splendid outburst of dramatic genius, grace, fervor, beauty and life in the finale of the fourth act of "Much Ado About Nothing," with "Ned" Sothern and "Judy" Marlowe as *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. Will Shakespeare himself lived in those splendid moments of supreme comedy, and Miss Marlowe was a composite of all the women Will of Avon drew from that dark lady of the Sonnets of whom he said even in mocking her: "And yet, by Heaven, I hold my love as rare as any she belies by false compare." Mr. Sothern is our only actor who understands the true romance of Shakespeare, and his *Benedick* is fresh and sweet with all the folly of the wise, which is one with the wisdom of the fool. The Sothern-Marlowe combination's appearance is an event of importance in dramatic chronology, and the two chief factors therein are at their most passionate prime of power in comprehension of the pity and the pageantry of life, and the majesty and mystery and misery and mockery of love, the bitterest sweet gift of an ironic God to presumptuous man.

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Theodore's Talk.

"My dear Charles," said Coleridge to Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?" To which the Gentle *Elia* replied: "I never heard you do anything else." President Roosevelt is in grave danger of getting into the Coleridgean habit and worse, for there are times when we feel, in reading after him, that "he says an undisputed thing in such a solemn way." Really, the President is taking a chance of talking away his popularity. When he shall have finished his term, unless he reform, and when he comes under the scope of a "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" discussion, he may be unanimously nominated for editor of the *Homiletic Review*.

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As the Crow Flies

REMEMBER this! Mr. Edward C. Crow, ex-Attorney General, is the man coming forward as a Democratic candidate for Governor to succeed J. W. Folk. He is a man of brains, and he will be a "comer" not only with the reformers, but with the obscurantists, obstructionists and reactionaries. He's headed for Governor "as the crow flies."

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MRS. CHADWICK has been convicted of forgery and other things. But she threatens to continue her career of crime. She is going to write for the magazines, like Lawson. Writing for the magazines is the last infirmity of ignoble fakery.

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What It Looks Like.

It looks as if the gamblers have "got" the Senate and there will be no law against racing on the statutes

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and the city will be full of pool rooms, handbooks and race-tracks. It looks as if the anti-pool selling bill won't pass. It looks as if the gamblers will have the police and the Court of Criminal Correction. It looks as if Hawes, through Kinealy and Sartorius and Nelson, has gotten protection for the Vice Trust by beating the anti-bribery bill. Hawes' Vice Trust votes did the business. It looks as if the Vice Trust is expected to vote Wells in as Mayor here in return for getting the right to free and unlimited horse-gambling. It looks as though, while Folk has been helping Hawes and Wells down here, Hawes has stabbed Folk in the back by killing the anti-bribery bill, and in the belly by gelding the anti-pool selling bill, and then rubbed salt in both wounds by passing the Home Rule bill. Hawes will sacrifice anything and everything, even Wells, to save Cella-Adler-Tilles.

But they're past saving. Out they go, out and down. If not now, later, at a special session of the legislature. In a week, if the anti-pool-selling law be not passed, Missouri will be ablaze as it was against Lee and his gang.

* *

The Republic has been converted to the anti-pool-selling measure—after it's lost. Such was ever the *Republic's* prescience.

* *

Is the Federal Grand Jury to go after E. G. Lewis and his People's United States Bank? Or, is it to go after his World's Fair Guessing Contest? Or, is it to go after the whole game running out in St. Louis county, under his chipper auspices? It's time. The bell has rung for Lewis and for his fancy, if not frenetic, financing.

no divorce at all, since the woman by herself is helpless. She must, unfortunately, be supported. She must have love, and she must have a home. Her economic dependence it is that forces her, more than moral considerations, to put up with the vicious conditions of marriage. The clergy, whether Archbishops or priests, ignore this fact that divorce is a symptom of vile economic conditions. A Chicago judge who has granted more divorces than any other judge in the Union, says that in nine-tenths of them "the bread and butter question" is the cause. This "bread and butter question" holds the woman in heart-slavery. She must pretend to love her chains in order that she may live, else seek divorce in order to struggle bitterly alone. If the divorced woman cannot remarry she suffers the danger of the natural cravings of her nature. If divorce were permitted and remarriage were forbidden, it would not matter so much to men. Men are "imperfectly monogomous" anyhow.

I protest against the marriage prison for women. It is this war upon divorce that tends to drive woman back to her old-time subjection. It makes her the slave of man, and shuts off her hope of freedom. She cannot escape the horrors of an unhappy marriage as a man can, for reasons that are obvious. The man can be "happy, though married;" the woman cannot. Nature protects a man against the woman he dislikes, but does not protect the woman against the man she loathes or hates. Even a priest should know this. The State ought to protect the woman. But the clergy ask the State to do the opposite.

Abolishing divorce simply keeps the woman, as it were, under surveillance. No woman can be successfully watched. The best way to make a woman need watching is to watch her. If she will not watch herself it is useless for anyone else to try it. That is the creed of American men. Congress has no more right to pass a divorce law than to forbid the raising of any but red pigs in the United States. If the States forbid divorce, except for causes approved by the church, the law ought to be entitled, "An Act to Encourage Celibacy; and to Encourage Adultery Among Married Persons." Strict divorce laws will simply force the majority of mismatched men and women to make their own terms with each other, and each agree to shut his or her eyes to what the other is doing. We will introduce into America the *cavalier servente*, the *menage a trois*, the *Hausfreund* of Europe.

South Carolinians boast, and all the anti-divorce agitators harp unctuously on the fact, that a divorce has never been granted in that State, but that State is quoted as *the only one in the world whose laws provide what part of a man's estate shall go to his mistress*.

Who are they who want to forbid divorce? Are they the happily-married people? Why should they want to force the unhappily-married to continue in their misfortune? Are the sufferers to be without voice in the matter? They are the ones most concerned. We are told they should suffer for the general good, on the theory that their continuance in inescapable misery will act as a "horrible example." It is said it will make people more careful about marrying. But marriages of impulse as often turn out well as marriages of cool judgment, and there is no more reason in marriages in countries without divorce than in countries where divorce is easy.

Archbishop Glennon makes it plain that he is trying to revive, by indirection, the control of the State by the Church when he gives as his reason against divorces. "whom God hath joined together let no

Archbishop Glennon On Divorce

By George Wilson

WHEN Archbishop Glennon, who recently appeared before a Legislative Committee to advocate restriction of divorce, was a simple priest, I knew him to use his influence for justice in a case that I brought to his notice; requiring a legitimate daughter to divide her father's estate fairly with her illegitimate half-brother. So I'm sure the man's heart is right, even if as a priest his head be wrong on the divorce question. It seems to me that the Archbishop is trying to revive, by indirection, the condition of a State under church control, and that, in this matter, he is trying to put another hoop around the Catholic barrel.

Next to food-hunger the strongest life-motive is love-hunger. Herbert Spencer says its object is the supreme end and aim of nature:—the continuance of the human race. When two Catholics find themselves mistaken in their matrimonial venture, they turn their eyes as longingly to the way of escape as any other persons do. And it is a temptation to leave the church and make another trial for life's object: happiness. Is not Archbishop Glennon simply calling on the State of Missouri to enforce the rules of the Catholic Church, which that powerful passion is tempting some of his people to disregard? Is it not a stealthy revival of church-control of the State?

A gifted woman, a happy wife and mother, said, "I can think of no worse hell than for a mother to see in the face of the child that she loves the lineaments of its father whom she hates." Archbishop Glennon would have her forced to endure that hell,—by the power of the State of Missouri. Persons talk about the reign of "Bloody Mary" in England, and of burnings alive by the Catholic Church. The church never burnt anyone. It was done by the State under the law *de haeretico comburendo*, which was enacted by the advice of the church. In all ages of the world the priests and clergy have been the worst possible political advisers. To cite history in proof of this were supererogatory. Only too many priests and preachers defended human slavery. The clergy is not to be trusted when it comes to empirical medication of the ills of practical life. They are too much addicted to having their own way, to not being "sassed back." They do not take into consideration

the fact that the great masses of the people do their own thinking and will not be "cribbled, cabined and confined," especially in their affections. They are generally speaking, notoriously behind their times. A few years ago a little St Louis-raised woman, a free thinker, made the round of the State legislatures asking that "the age of consent for females" be raised. In South Carolina, the State that has never granted a divorce, she found it at seven years. It was raised some, but is still the lowest of any State in the Union. In all these years no priest or preacher had ever asked this of any legislature. Yet she said she found the legislators only too glad to take up her suggestions.

The Archbishop pleads with fervor, grace and eloquence for "the maintainance of the family." Well and good; but is that a "family," where the father and mother live like a cat and dog, and bring forth hateful spawn on earth? Nearly every one has seen cases where an unhappy, mismatched couple separated, and each one married again and made a happy home for the rest of life. Who, to-day, does not know cases in which one miserable marriage dissolved by divorce has resulted in the production of two happy families when the disengaged miserables married other partners? Two domestic paradises, produced by divorce, are better than one hell maintained by the oppressive rigor of an indissoluble contract binding together people whose hearts harbor hate where love should reign.

Indissoluble marriage may bind in some cases the women of certain nations, but it does not bind the woman of any nation who has "found herself," who has developed an individuality, who resents being a chattel, who thinks that love is the indispensable element to the validity of the contract, the real sacramental quality of union. Where church most dominates State in this matter of marriage, women whose minds are enlightened and whose hearts are awakened revolt against the slavery of the marriage without love. They do not all do so, for all of them are not unhappily married, and many of them bear with evil conditions in marriage solely because they find no hope of relief in simple separation. For if those who make mistakes in marriage can only separate and are barred from another mating, there might as well be

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man put asunder." The State cannot take cognizance of that. Even from a religious point of view, it is faulty in assuming that *every marriage* is the direct work of the Infinite and Eternal Energy, including the hasty, ill-assorted, matrimonial blunders that the church is trying to prevent by stricter divorce laws. Whom God hath joined together *don't wants to be put asunder*. Whom the Devil or Folly or Inauspicious Propinquity hath joined together and made a bad job of it, should be put asunder.

Archbishop Glennon and all those on his side make scorn of the present system of divorce and re-marriage. They speak of it with gleeful irony as "tandem polygamy." It is only a phrase, the happy flippancy of which does not at all justify the argument for the perpetuation of the matrimonial hell-home. "Tandem polygamy," if you will; but "tandem polygamy under sanction of law is surely preferable to both polygamy and polyandry four-abreast—such as most flourishes where divorce is least easy of access.

En fin: Governments are instituted among men to preserve the natural rights of the individual. The woman is an individual, and has her rights, from some or even many of which she is barred by the restrictions put upon her in the matter of escape from a marital torture-house. *Where does Archbishop Glennon, his church, any church, any State, get the right to force a woman to live as a wife to the man with whom she does not want to live?*

* * *

Blue Jay's Chatter

My Dear Jenny Wren:

L ENT is here. I suppose it's also there. Fish is full of phosphorus, isn't it, and phosphorus is brain-food, isn't it? You said "Yes?" Well, I don't think that the Lenten let up is a good thing. Everybody who can goes away to rest, and resting people with idle brains get into mischief, and so I hear that some truly good women folk of this town have been simply plunging to beat the band at the Arkansaw Club in Hot Springs and down at Palm Beach and over at Havana. I hear of swift doings, too, in New Orleans. Our eight months and more of cosmopolitanizing in connection with the World's Fair has set a new pace, Jane, and when you come back you'll find much of our provincial bloom gone forever. We began to hear of some of our women taking dope in order to keep up during the Fair, and now we hear more of it, and likewise of drinking. The wine bucket on the floor by the dining table is more frequent in the restaurants than it used to be. The theater business picks up, too, just as the penitential season comes. All the good shows are coming "sthreling" along now. We'll have a lively Lent, I'm thinking.

*

Amy Townsend has been duly and beautifully wedded to her Columbus husband, Mr. Lindenburg, and she certainly was an attractive bride, with her sweet, wistful face. Eleanor Hoblitzelle has been belled, boked and candled to her Mr. Tittle of Kansas City before an enthusiastic assemblage, and now we're beginning to talk of the Easter brides so far as announced. There are quite a number of them. Miss Elsie Ford will marry Dr. James Avery Drapé, Jr., of Wilmington, Del., April 26, and on the same day Miss Maude Estelle Kupferle will become the bride of Mr. George Pettinger, Jr., of Centralia. Miss Olivia Hodgson, a niece of Mrs. Hyster Clymer, one

of the old, choice, exclusive Mullanphy-Clemens connection, has selected April 27 for her marriage to Mr. Thomas Cover, which will take place in Charleston, S. C., where her father, Capt. Hodgson, is stationed. There will be a goodly attendance of St. Louisans. The others who are destined to take a chance in the great lottery about Easter are: Miss Frances Johnson and Lieut. Van Leer Wills, Miss Bessie Finney and Mr. John A. Douglas, Miss Florence Turner of San Francisco and Mr. Sim T. Price, Jr., of St. Louis, Miss Mabel McKeighan and Mr. James McCluney, Miss May Beatrice Luney and Mr. Mitchell Hutchinson, Miss Rebecca Plummer and Mr. Firmin Deslodge. All the girls I've mentioned will find Lent passing quickly, because they'll be so interested in the wedding preparations. I'm wondering if some of them won't funk the ceremonial function and slip off quietly and get spliced. A great many do, these days. The brighter girls dread the formality and emptiness of the proceedings.

*

We're a great aesthetic center, Janey, dear. The Artists' Guild had a reception and picture show recently, and the *Globe-Democrat* came out with a half column of small type description of the gowns of the "wimmings" present, and nary a line about the pictures or a single scrap of the good talk reeled off by the fellows in the crowd. This is a helluva town, Jane. It's so artistic it must make that chic wife of F. L. Stoddard feel just exactly as if she were in Paris—nitzky.

*

Mr. and Mrs. "Mose" Fraley had a box Monday night at the Sothern-Marlowe engagement. You can't down Mose. He's just as happy as when he was our biggest and gamiest wheat plunger. He made a couple of "loses," but he paid out dollar for dollar, and never got the dumps. Mrs. Fraley seems to dress just as well as she did, and to wear as many diamonds, and as big as she did when it took two cars to transport her, her trunks and children and servants to Newport in the early eighties. They are good, hearty folks, the Fraleys, and Mose is, after Jake Goldman, the life of the Columbian Club. With them in the box, were Mr. and Mrs. Elias Michael. She's a pretty woman of the Jewish type and Mr. Michael is one of the most popular business men in town. He has the philanthropic microbe well developed, just like benevolent old Ben Eiseman, of whom he is a partner in business. Mr. and Mrs. Michael have quite recently distinguished themselves by giving one half the cost of erection of the new Jewish Kindergarten, \$16,000. Mr. Ben Altheimer, father of that fascinating girl you met in Europe, where she was studying, gave \$1,000 to the same cause. Yes, Jane, the Jews know how to make the money, but they know how to give, too, and besides, the Jew isn't the money-maker we think he is. The richest man in any of our big towns is not a Jew. The richest man in the world is not a Jew. The richest family in the world is not Jewish. The Scotch and Yankees have them beaten to a *souffle* in the art and science of heaping up money.

*

Do you remember, Jane, those Hosmer Hall girls, who were graduated in '03? I mean the bunch that called themselves the N. P. J's. Most of 'em are East in college, or traveling, though a few are going out informally. There's going to be high doings in this town when they get together again. Their club day was Friday, and I've a tip that they're going to make Friday afternoons of social importance next season. They're a jolly crew, and they ought to be able to form

a "close corporation" in a social way. There's Ethel Hunkins, who's papa is in the lime-cement business, and who, herself, is not always as pungently refreshing as lime juice in polly water, and who lives in the prettiest, though not the most ostentatious house, in the 4300 block, Washington boulevard. Ethel has blue, baby eyes, golden hair, a childish Maude Adamish manner, and a desirable brother, Bud. This latter possession makes Ethel quite popular among her girl friends. Just a block west, on the same avenue, lives Flora Trauernicht. I saw her at "Parsifal" the other night with a young swain from Portland place. He's good looking, and I've side-information that he is an exception to the general man-proposition of this village, because he always buys the tickets. Lots of 'em don't. But who wouldn't be darned proud to buy anything if they could take a girl like Flora. She's pretty as an exquisite water-color, wears characteristic and stunning clothes—hats are her specialty, though. I hear all the girls envy her them—and goes out a lot. She's popular because she's always gay and attractive, yet gentle and kind and sincere. She's a voice, too, and if she doesn't strike for the milky way, as Zoe Akins did, she'll be one of the "most accomplished young matrons" in St. Louis some day. She goes with Martha Welle, a Mary Institute senior, a good deal, but among the N. P. J's. she and Z. are talked about as David and Jonathan, because of their constant friendship. Then there's Emma Bixby, who lives in the Bixby mansion at Lindell and King's Highway. Emma is at Wellesley, as is Helen Goddard, another N. P. J. Emma's a dandy girl, they say, and a great friend of Aline Risque, who has spent her last two winters doing society stunts in Mobile. She's had a great time, for her relatives are high social moguls down there. Aline is pretty and exceedingly clever. Pearl Gehner, whose father is Henry G., not August, is another girl who belongs to this club. She's pretty and has lots of money, and went to Washington college last year. She's not made her debut yet, but she goes out some. Still, I can't see why she's not more popular. Socially, she's not quite in the running, though perhaps she doesn't care for the glare. Then there's Sarah Teasdale, who lives on Lindell, and whose folks are all prominent socially. Sadie, as her friends call her, is a sister of Mrs. Joseph Wheless, who was Mamie Teasdale until last June. Both girls are clever and charming. Sarah is the brightest girl that ever got a sheepskin from the proper Miss Mathews. I'm told she's a fine critic and up on anything that's intellectual. She's in Europe now with her mother. So, you see, Jane, this aggregation will be all the cheese, or ought to be, if it takes a notion.

*

Miss Sophie Brandt, the star of "The Princess Chic" company, at the Grand Opera-house this week, is, in private life, Miss Sophie Barth, the daughter of the late Felix Barth, at one time German consul at St. Louis. Her grandfather, Robert Barth, and her great grandfather, Von Angel-Rodt, for whom she was named, both held the office of German consul in St. Louis. There's a street named Angelrodt, up in North St. Louis. All the old better German families knew and remember the Barths. Sophie, therefore, is having a pretty good time of it. She has made a wonderful success, for it is less than a year since she began singing in comic opera. Her first appearance was in "The Venetian Romance," which opened in Philadelphia last March. It lasted until April 10, and was afterward known as Frank Perley's \$100,000 failure. Mr. Perley started Sophie far enough for Mr. Savage to discover her. He gave her the part

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of the *Widow* in "The Prince of Pilsen" for the London engagement of that success. They tried to retain her in London for "The Cingalee," but the part was a small one, and she returned to America. She has a brilliant voice and much looks, if not quite so much as her predecessor in the role, and she is certainly a marvel to have done the things she has done in less than two years from the time she went on the Columbia stage here to help Frank Tate out when some of his vaudevillains lay down on him.



I don't think Judge Selden P. Spencer will be United States Senator; but he ought to be. He's a Y. M. C. A. and a practical politician. He's a good fellow as well as pious. And besides, he's the only man in Missouri who dresses for dinner every evening in the year. And then, again, Mrs. Spencer is a personable person.



Pretty Anna Koehler has gone to Europe, or goes shortly. She may bring back a nobleman. The Rumsey girls, Queen and Elma, are down in San Antonio, Tex. Adele Hart is at Pass Christian, and there is not a whisper that she is in mind of marrying any one. Carrie Tinker is back from Palm Beach and Cuba, and Elsa Lemp has gone, I believe, to Havana. Miss Mary Lionberger is on the raging main, and is one of a party on the Hamburg-American liner, *Prinzessin Victoria Luise*, who have been entertained at Caracas by President Castro and other Venezuelan officials. Bertha Semple and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Simmons were of the same party. But there are so many St. Louisans scattered all over the globe now I wouldn't undertake to tell you the whereabouts of a tithe of them. There are so many people away one fears it's going to be dull, but there are still enough of us left to keep gossip going pretty lively. We can't say the outlook is dull, as long as we're to have the Russell Gardners with us, to say nothing of the Fred Gardners and the Will Gardners. They're a host in themselves, especially Russ, and Mrs. Russ is beginning to catch much of her husband's social enthusiasm. The Banner Buggy man is said to contemplate a social campaign that will rival the splendors of progress of Oyama, next winter, and the "Annie Russell" is to be ship-shaped soon for the spring and winter river-cruising. The Buschs are out in California, and with them Vera Gianini. Mr. Busch's niece, little Miss Schnettler, was seriously hurt in being thrown from a horse at Pasadena. James Campbell, his wife, his daughter, Lois, and some friends, are away in their private car. Some one said "Jim Campbell has started for Mexico." "That so?" queried W. H. Lee, "well, he'll get it all right—all of it." Maybe he's gone down there to see if he can find any of the money the Van Blarcoms dropped there. Oliver Garrison and his bride are down from Mexico, Mo., where they visited Mrs. G.'s sister, Stella Robertson. Moselle Price is now thoroughly convalescent from her illness, and looking forward to her brother Sim's wedding. Papa Sim is busy watching the Legislature at long range. The John Scullins are back from the far South, and 'tis said Harry Scullin is much improved in health. The Frank McKennas are in New York, but their ears are perked over Jefferson City way, for a murmur of a Senatorship for Papa Dick Kerens. And so I might go on chronicling small beer for a whole day. I only do it to show you how the land lies socially. The society columns are all padded, and with the double half column lists of those present at a lot of card club parties and such things by

people whom one doesn't know—which is possibly to their credit. All the society editresses are talking of taking a rest, and then the society columns will be filled with the doings of the people the advertising managers of the big stores write about. The clubs are dead. But the stores are lively, and the new goods are pretty, and you can meet pretty nearly everybody in Barr's waiting room or at Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney's or Nugent's. Daddy talks to me of tight money, but it doesn't look it at the stores. I saw Mrs. Dr. Forster shopping the other day for the first time in ever so long, and she seemed as sweetly benign as ever, though she has given up her old diversion of the matinee. I believe one of her clever daughters is studying law, and Lucille is still devoted to literature and music. A dear old lady is Mrs. Forster, and one cannot but regret that she has withdrawn from the more active social interests. Her sister, Mrs. Henry V. Lucas, is at Norfolk, I believe, or in that neighborhood, and her old friend, Mrs. A. C. Cassidy, was back here recently for a short visit. She now lives in New York, to be near her daughter at school. Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly was the most striking and sumptuous of the St. Louis ladies at the inauguration, and she and Mrs. Dan Houser may be said to have made a fine team for the occasion to represent this city. There were few other St. Louis women present. I don't believe that Mrs. Akins, wife of the Republican National Committeeman went on to see the big show. St. Louis and Missouri didn't show for as much as we might have thought they should in view of Roosevelt's unparalleled and unexpected victory here. They were, more or less, strangers, "mysterious" or otherwise.



I'm sending you two bulky novels, "The Celestial Surgeon," by F. R. Montresor, and "The Secret Woman," by Eden Philpotts, which should reach you by the time you've finished May Sinclair's "The Divine Fire," which is pretty nearly a big creative work. You'll find them full of the stuff that makes real stories, and not so pious that they won't offset your Lenten gloom. If you want gloom that will search out the most secret recesses of your vain heart read Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," all the more poignant for the affection that pops up in its pathos like a leering, lunatic laugh in the midst of a grand organ swell. But let us forget it. We're not going to have any racing after this summer. There's talk that you'll have to show a certificate of virtue to get into a summer garden without arrest, and maybe there won't be any Sunday base ball, which last doesn't matter so much, now. With Donovan not in the St. Louis bunch any more, the ladies won't care. My, how they were gone on that fellow. Reminded me of what I've read of Roman females worshipping athletes. Do you remember that all the giddy young matrons had that picture in the scrap book showing Lucy Stoughton of the *Republic* interviewing him while he was laid up abed. The craze now is for young ladies to have their escorts introduce to them that gentlemanly little prize fighter with the red head, Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, who is boxing instructor at the Missouri Athletic Club. And they're so grieved when they learn he's married. They're as dotty about him as some of our swell men are over that copiously, luxuriously statuesque Miss Marx, who has a physical culture or jiu jitsu studio out in the Olivia Building. There's talk that a movement started by Zoe Akins to close the theaters on Sunday may be successful. Reform! My dear, we're getting it in the neck, and we may have to move to

Belleville for a little fun. Shutting down the races means that we shan't have Mrs. Joe Murphy here in the summers. I believe that society will miss the races, though the Jockey Club privileges weren't reckoned as they were once on a time. But there's no finer roads for automobiling in the world than hereabouts, and that's to be the summer stunt of the stay-at-homes.



Henry Blossom, author of "Checkers," and of the libretto of "The Yankee Consul," is in our midst. He's the only member of the St. Louis Club who ever wrote anything but a cheque, and that marks him suspect there. Mr. Blossom wears blue shoes, and does it in public. He talks a sort of refined Checkereese, a sort of blend of George Ade and Guy Lindsley, a sort of *ennuye* flippancy, the speech of a "blazeroo." But he's a good fellow under his pose, and diabolically clever as an entertainer at a small party. He's still heart-whole, in spite of New York opportunities. He and Freddie Robyn are plotting another comic opera, which, as Florence Hayward puts it, is to be neither comic nor operatic. Blossom is the coming man, I think. He will rank up with Augustus Thomas, and surpass Clyde Fitch—even if he does wear shoes of leather that make you think he stood on his head and bathed his feet in the firmament.



I'm told that Mrs. Norris Gregg is coming out strong in the swell crowd at Palm Beach. She's one of the women developed by the broadening process of the Fair, and she makes 'em stand round and gaze with her gowns and gems, though, of course, the St. Louisans don't really mix in with the Flagler bunch and the Belmonds and the Townsend Burdens, Mrs. Frick, Mrs. Thaw and other money-burners there. Lucy Stoughton is down there, and she's so overcome by the New Yorkers that she can't write for her own paper about anyone else, though, of course, she says about their gatherings that "prominent St. Louisans were present." I'll bet that Lucy has a feast down there picking their gowns to pieces. You know she's a crank on dress, and is always finding a crumpled ribbon or soiled collar or a stained sleeve to comment upon—but at that, she's the only society writer in town who can really write, if she's let alone, and she's spunky, too, and won't be snubbed by the new riches. There's a jolly crowd of St. Louisans aboard the *Von Moltke*, of the Hamburg-American Line, taking the Mediterranean trip. It includes Mr. Terry W. Allen, Col and Mrs. James G. Butler, Mrs. Anna E. and Miss Lydia Chadburne, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Nugent, Byron Nugent, Jr., Miss Julia F. Lake, niece of the Nugeents, Julian R. Nugent, James R. Nugent of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Meier, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Prynne, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Potter, Mrs. R. F and Miss Florence Spencer, Mr and Mrs. W. H. Walker and Jerome Schotten. Approaching Naples, Col. Butler saw a dense cloud of smoke in the sky. "Too bad," said he, "that base manufacture should thus spoil these storied scenes." (The Colonel doesn't mind his tobacco factory smoke nuisance in St. Louis.) "Nix, Col," said Will Walker, "that's not a factory. That's Vesuvius." Dave Francis is thinking of a trip abroad to thank the nations for participating in the Fair. He'd go in a minute, if he didn't have to pay his own expenses, for, you know, Dave is a prominent man at less expense to himself than any man in the city. He's the only big richer that never cuts loose, and that you never hear of as doing nice and handsome turns for people he might help. You'll even

hear men standing up and fighting for old Charlie Parsons on some particular nice thing he did for some one, some time, but for D. R. F., never. He has nothing to give but the Kentucky con smile, and he doesn't entertain, or keep a stable, or own a devil wagon, or do anything with his money that he might, could or should do. His presence is a *quid pro quo* for all hospitalities. Dave is mighty "near," but he has a large family. And then, maybe, he isn't so rich as we think. But even at that, men with less money than he do things with it for other people, once in a while, at least.

Shan't, shan't, shan't tell you where it was, but it was at a recent party to a pretty girl whose engagement was announced thereat. There was a cake, and in it a ring. There were present six girls—their names were all written you quite recently, and all of them are soon to be brides. Well, the cake was cut and the pieces were attacked with enthusiasm. When it was all disposed of—the wait was not long—the hostess asked:

"Well, now, which of you girls has the ring?"

There was no answer. There were hasty inquiries, but none of the young ladies could remember swallowing anything hard.

"Well, I certainly put the ring in the cake," exclaimed the compounder of the confection.

This increased the consternation. The guests went home. Their mothers were worried. Physicians were bidden to be on instant call and options were secured on X-ray apparatus. None of the feasters has developed appendicitis yet.

You can write back here and ask who it was that occupied the first right hand box at the Olympic last Thursday evening, and then you'll probably know as much as Bud Mantz does about the relic that came into his custody that night, and is now to be seen in the box office. A cleaner went around after the show and he found in one of the chairs the queerest treasure trove he ever came across. It was an egg, a nice brown one, as brown as Mrs. Chout Scott, since her return from Cuba, and on it was written: "Laid during the performance of 'Parsifal,' March 9, 1905." What an eggstacy some one in that right hand first box must have undergone during the performance! When someone told that chirruppy, smart, pretty Mrs. Lyman Hay about the event she said: "Why, that's what I'd call a real ovation to 'Parsifal,'" and Mrs. Rudy Limberg said the pun showed one of the evil effects of a classical education, and then Mrs. Gianini asked in that innocent way of hers, if it wasn't possibly a lay of the last minstrel. But wasn't the depositing of the article an evidence of a weird sense of humor?

Corinne Francis still has adventures. Her last relates to one of her latest beaux, a gentleman whose name is something exactly similar, though with an Hibernian twist to that of the clever Britisher who recently appeared here in our own Gus Thomas' "Earl of Pawtucket." The Francises have the usual trouble with servants. Well, Corinne's beau called the other evening and the darkey servant answered the door bell. She was then in full and rapt possession of what the elegant society of this burg calls "a bun." He asked for the family seriatim. All out. "Yass, Mistah D., said the dingey lass, "dey's all out, but dey's not gone fah; on'y up to Dr. Pim's house. Dey all be back in a minute, an' ef yo wait 'twil I locks up de silverware I'll des let yo in de pahlah an yo kin wait while I runs up an' tells Miss

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Corinne her beau has came." But Mr. D. went away, and did not show up for several evenings, and only telephonic inquiry developed the fact that he had been piqued to think that the family might have left such instructions as were implied in the negress' remarks. I mentioned the Dr. Pims just above. Well, they're just too idiotically happy, and the little blonde matron with the pretty walk and the witching smile you used to know as Edwina Bixby, is no less charming than of old. And Alice Pim is a most stunning matron since she came down from Chicago with her husband, Mr. Kaye, and "Puss" Pim, or rather Mrs. Rose, formerly of Natchez, is one of the bunch of swell widows. Mrs. Celeste Pim is still one of our grand old ladies, still devoted to the cause of the Confederacy, and rarely appearing, save at the annual ball of the Daughters.

I hear that there's not a little trouble in the Sanford connection since the death, so suddenly, of poor little Bennie Sanford, down in Southeast Missouri, about two months ago. You know the Sanford-Berthold estate is quite a large one, and there was a goodly slice coming to Bennie in due course. Well, when his will was opened it was found that he had left the income of his share to his dear old Uncle Gus and Aunt Martha Berthold for life, but that after their passage, the share should go to his sister, Virginia, who married young Bert Lawnin. He didn't leave a penny to his sister, Irene, who married Bennie Behr, because Bennie got gay soon after marriage and tried to break up the estate in order to "get his," and caused the family no end of trouble. I never knew much of the Behr crowd, and Bert Law-

nin seems to do little or nothing since his marriage, and to do it with considerable grace. Both the Sanford girls were always pretty and dainty dressers, and neither has lost any skill or taste in that respect since becoming a matron.

My dear, don't ask me if this or that story of Edwin Lemp is true. They can't all be true. Clarence Hoblitzelle may be our Ward McAllister, but Edwin Lemp is the pet of the ladies—of all the ladies, matrons and maids, in all sorts of sets. The way that he is petted is simply astonishing. The married ladies seem more bug-house about him than the girls. They rave about his fresh complexion, his pretty curls, his fine figure in little, just like Nat Ewing's, don't you know. I don't like to mention names—and won't, but there's been a deal of comment upon the attention paid him by at least two scrumptious married ladies who go in for automobileing, and like to be emphatic in all their tones and colors. When Edwin draws his deadly Pope-Toledo four cylinder from his garage, and fondles the clutch, it's all off with the ladies who ride with him. He's simply irresistible as a "chauffer," and more so when he is seen on horseback. He's got Henry Turner beat to a fare-you-well—my! what slang I write—and Harry is the man who made the Pope-Toledo auto famous in this burg, for Edwin can run his machine on bad roads with "Falstaff" beer instead of gasoline as a power producer. Oh my, yes, if there's a real ladies' young man in town it's Edwin, and yet the other boys don't seem to quarrel with him for it, as they usually do. He's certainly getting one grand

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rush, and it'll be a wonder if the pretty women don't turn his head. But I guess not. He's all to the good on business, as all the Lemp boys are, and neither sport nor love can keep him away from the office or get him to surround the contents of a bottle of "Budweiser."

*

Over on your side the water, I believe that they don't reckon doctors as being in society. Here, I believe, we admit doctors, unless they are D. D. S. or possibly V. S. So, perhaps, you'll not be moved to much curiosity by my chronicling the rumor that one of our swellest D. D. S. gentlemen and his wife are living apart, with prospects of divorce. Just incompatibility, my dear, though I can't understand that, since he's awfully good looking and makes all kinds of money. He and she seemed so loving, too—notwithstanding the children that, you know, always break up "love" to some extent. She is clever, too, in a coloratura, temperamental way, and used to be very gay when she didn't have an access of pietistic fervor. She was one of the most daringly witty young women I ever knew, and I remember her one evening joking with her fiance, standing up in brilliant Andalusian color and pose by his side, and saying in response to some half-joking remark of his, "I will try, dear, to make you forget that I am only your wife." And she looked the lines then and there. I do hope they don't split—these two. They're too good fellows to break away. And divorce, when there are children, and the union has a slight Bohemian flavor—when the two folks have been good pals—oh, it's too durn sad, and I'm real, downright sorry. Arent you? If you're not you're a cat.

*

I nearly had collapse the other day when I heard Allen West had bought an automobile. It was a base canard. He wouldn't do such a thing, and if he would his papa wouldn't let him. Besides, what's the use? One can have all the reputation of owning an automobile if one can have a machine sent to him often enough to inspect it by riding around in it. People see him in a machine so often that they begin to think he owns it, and that's capital that one could almost borrow on at the West Trust Company. Almost, I said. The biggest automobilist in the city, by the way, is Corwin H. Spencer. He has two, and

he's buying two more big fellows. He had a bunch of "folkses" out the other evening and told them he was going to top the best machine in town—which, up to date, is Lacey Crawford's. And Corwin is going to do just what Lacey did at first, treat his chauffeur too well. The other evening C. H. gave the steerer a tip of a \$100 bill after a particularly swift dash from the Country Club. Just so Lacey used to pay that fellow Webb, who drove him, a salary bigger than is paid the editor of the *Globe-Democrat* or *Post-Dispatch*. The editor of the *Republic*, Mr. Charles Knapp, doesn't get any salary at all—and he earns it. Harry Drummond, I believe, has his automobile and his wife, and the twins down at New Orleans, and of course the Ed. Paramores are there, too. Did I tell you the story of Ed's dodging a touch in the St. Louis Club? He was coming out from dinner when Mr. Billings, of Louisville, approached him, and in that off-hand jocular way of his asked for a loan, just as if he didn't exactly mean it, thus: "Say, Ed, let me have a hundred dollars till the second coming of Christ, won't you?" Ed looked at him and said: "Now, Bill, you don't mean to tell me He's coming back here again after the way they treated Him first time," and passed on. Ed. Goltra is going to buy an automobile for Mrs. Goltra, who, by the way, is quite a rage here now, as is also her sister, Mrs. Dana, who's at the Buckingham, but Mr. Goltra is hard to suit, and talks of importing one from Paris. Rolla Wells is another local celebrity who is exceedingly automobiliarious. He'll probably have lots of time for the sport after next month, for Harry Coudrey, who'd have been in Congress if Tom Kinney's voting arm hadn't been wound up so strong he couldn't stop its action, assures me that Rolla won't be elected Mayor—and never was. Harry's now contesting a seat in Congress, and he has greater trouble in the refutation of the utterly unfounded story that he is to marry Mrs. Frank Roth when she shall have secured her divorce. That's a mean sort of story to circulate if true, and villainous when it isn't true. There's no faintest trace of truth in this. It's like some other stories going around involving women who are innocent of anything more than having been too frankly gracious to some rotten mucker or other who has exaggerated its significance. I heard the other day of a fellow in New York showing

at a table in the Holland House, what purported to be the love-letters to himself of the wife of a man who had been his benefactor and backer here in St. Louis. I don't know what more to say of that sort of fellow than Syd. Walker said one night of a man who'd enraged him in the presence of ladies, "he's a damned pronoun." Um—ah—where was I? Talking of automobiles. My dear, if stories be true, chauffeurs are more dangerous to the ladies they "chofe" than the old time roller-skating professors used to be. That dashing young man—in fact, I may say, that haberdashing young man—Billy Steer, is getting to be a chain-drive lunatic, too, and his brother-in-law, John Raleigh, who's the hottest sort of an Irishman, and looks like a young English lord out of a Duchess novel, though not so eloquent as Jack Leahy, who's Billy's other Firbolgian brother-in-law, wouldn't give Billy a policy in his John Hancock Life Insurance Company. You know, Jane, I'm always wondering whether I'd rather be Billy Steer or W. Albert Swasey, the archidetective, who built Dr. Lawrence's house on Fifth avenue and Ninetieth street, New York, the Garrick and the Odeon, and will build the New Jefferson Club if he'll take his pay in cancelled beer stamps. That Mrs. Swasey is certainly a star appearer, and no mistake, and talking of architects, I understand that Mrs. Louis Mullgardt, whom you remember as a strikingly postery and pretty person at Artist Guild meetings, is back from London with her Quartier Latin looking husband, and visiting her father, Commodore Steffens—no relative of Lincoln J.'s, the shamelessnesser—in Chicago.

*

Don't it make you uncomfortable to see the Joseph Barada Widens in society up to their chins. It does me. Just think, he's in that bad debt collecting mercantile agency of Barr and Widen, and of course, he knows all the time just what you owe the horrid tradesmen, and can tell to a ducat what your gown cost and if you've paid for it. Mrs. Widen is a charming woman, but Joe always reminds me of Mephistopheles—and debt. And debt is the devil, isn't it?

*

Mrs. Duthiel Cabanne is back, chumming with that stunning Mrs. "Be" Price. Mrs. "Dute" looks lovely in black and quite the *ingenue*, even if she is an open air woman. She's made a queer Lenten vow, I hear—

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to keep out of the newspapers. She won't lose any diamonds, or row with car-conductors, or run over anyone in her automobile in all that time. Mrs. "Be" is to be the duenna of the occasion. But she'll have a time, especially if she's to have Mrs. Med. Johnson on her staff, too. It'll be worse than "keeping running water on a shelf."

❖

You know I've been trying my best to think of Charlie Senter all through this letter, and now I don't know what I think of him, do you? I saw him late one night last week in one of Tom Wand's hacks and I thought of "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Your old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Halstead Burnett, are still living the life of the higher Bohemia, but they don't seem to hold the younkers as they did, lang syne, but they do look good to me when I see them out bumming together, at the restaurants and places. The spring's here. Make me over, Mother April, when the sap begins to stir—make me anything but neuter when the sap begins to stir. Say, Jane, I'll bet Billy proposes to me inside of two weeks. Bye-bye.

BLUE JAY.

♦ ♦ ♦

Agatha, the Dreamer

By K. C. M.

MISFIT features colored yellow and framed in wisps of sandy hair, a wiry little figure, thin to emaciation, with square shoulders and hollow chest, garments turned and pieced, made-over and marked down—that was Agatha, the happiest girl in all the town. Most plain girls, particularly if awkwardness be added to their personal afflictions, are self-conscious and ill at ease. Not so Agatha. Awkward she was, beyond doubt. Who could help being awkward in short tight sleeves that, pull as one would, left red knuckles exposed to the ridicule of an unfeeling world; waists that would hunch in front and skirts that defied the strongest safety pins to keep them from sagging in the back. But self-conscious Agatha was not. Or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say she was conscious of many selves. A pair of gray eyes, not large, but burning like live coals, lit her pinched little face, and their piercing gaze made people uneasy.

"That Agatha Hunt makes me fidgety," said the village gossip. "She looks right through me as if she knows just what I am thinking about and I do believe she does. She's positively uncanny."

That was the impression Agatha made on many people. "She is far from being a good student," said her teacher, "but somehow she gives the impression that she is. I believe she thinks herself a great scholar. That's the way she acts."

School days ended abruptly for Agatha Hunt. Her over-burdened mother laid down the load she had carried so long and so patiently, and Agatha, with as little complaint, took it up, became a mother to the younger children and a silent little drudge, just as the mother had been before her—with this difference: The mother's face had worn a look of pain repressed, bitterness and defiance smothered. Triumph flashed from Agatha's burning little eyes, and smiles of content made her ugly little face almost lovely.

People said they liked to have Agatha Hunt around, even if she did look at you queerly sometimes. She never complained, and she always seemed happy, though what she had to make her so, poor thing, was hard to tell. So Agatha washed and scrubbed and sewed and baked for the neighbors, and earned a bare

existence for herself and the children, her father having at last shuffled out of life as he had shuffled through it, leaving none to regret him but Agatha, who cried and refused to be comforted.

"He was a grand man," she told her one neighbor, in a fit of rare confidence. "Nobody understood him but me. He had a beautiful soul, a nature common people couldn't fathom," for Agatha sometimes spoke a language strange to her simple neighbors.

"Did you ever hear such nonsense?" said the neighbor, making haste to pass on Agatha's notions of her father. "Why the creature was the most miserable and shiftless in this town and that's saying something, for I could mention this minute a number more it would be a merciful dispensation of Providence to remove. Agatha's kept that wretch ever since her mother died and you'd think his taking off would be a relief, but it isn't. She's actually mourning for him. Sometimes I believe that girl's a bit daft. She looks at you so queer."

But the daughter of the rich man of the town was to be wed and the villagers forgot about Agatha and her queerness in the fresh excitement and scarcely remembered her again until Agatha's neighbor and only confidante had another surprising piece of gossip to retail.

"What do you think?" she cried to the ladies of the church sewing circle. "Agatha Hunt's going to be married!" "Poor little soul," said the new minister's wife. "I hope she is going to marry some one who will take good care of her, and let her rest. She works so hard."

The ladies stared. It was true that Agatha worked hard, but the new minister's wife was the first who had ever thought to pity her. Somehow Agatha Hunt had never seemed to them to need pity. She always seemed happy, and it wasn't make-believe, either.

There was a pause of astonishment, broken by Agatha's neighbor. "That's the worst of it," she said, "she is going to marry Hank Dudley and if ever there was created a man as shiftless as Alex. Hunt that man is Hank Dudley and everybody knows it."

There was an indignant murmur: "Why don't you prevent her? Tell her she mustn't do such a thing."

The neighbor shrugged her shoulders expressively. "Did ever any of you try to boss Agatha Hunt?" she asked with open satire. "If you never did, you might try it. I have tried, and I've been made to feel like—how much is it Willie says—thirty cents—only I would have sold out for considerably less."

"Why, I never thought Agatha was that kind of a girl," the minister's wife said.

"She isn't 'that kind of a girl,'" defended Agatha's loyal neighbor. "She is always sweet and amiable, but she's—well, she's what you said about Mrs. De Mint—she's 'aloof.' Agatha works and mothers the children and does all the common things that lie at her hand, but she doesn't live the life at all. It's my belief that about all she does is mechanical. She is in a world of her own. I've been reading a book lately that has given me new ideas about Agatha Hunt. There's a dreamer in this book and she reminds me of Agatha. I tell you Agatha Hunt's a dreamer."

The ladies laughed and one of them volunteered the opinion that marriage to Hank Dudley would be likely to wake her up.

Agatha's neighbor shook her head. "If a man like Hank Dudley could wake her, I guess her father could have opened her eyes before this. I don't believe Agatha is the kind that wakes up."

❖

Agatha had a wedding. She asked the minister and his wife, of course, and her friendly neighbor,

Mrs. De Mint, for whom Agatha had toiled faithfully, sent flowers and an oak and leather rocking chair—the first rocking chair Agatha had ever owned. The neighbor baked a cake, and the minister's wife sent ice cream. Agatha was nearer being pretty than she had ever been in her life. She wore a white dress Mrs. De Mint's eldest daughter had outgrown, and standing at the altar with the man who had chosen her, Agatha saw—not the dull face and ungainly form of Hank Dudley—but a handsome, gallant, dashing cavalier, the hero of the romances and poems she had read, and of her girlish dreams. Her fairy prince had claimed her, her dream had come true. She was a beautiful bride in shimmering satin gown and misty veil. She had white flowers in her hands and a throng of brave men and fair women witnessed her nuptials and wished her joy.

It was a wonderful thing, but it was what she had always expected. At school she had seen herself the most beautiful girl in her class, and the aptest scholar—the teacher's pride. She often failed in the simplest lessons, it is true, but she never saw herself a failure. She hardly noticed her parents, and the teacher, meeting Agatha's "looking-through-you" glance, had never spoken unkindly to her or clucked her. The teacher didn't understand Agatha, but she did not totally misunderstand, either. She knew Agatha for a personality apart. The class numbered a few bright scholars, one or two brilliant ones, the many just average, and the few insufferably stupid. Agatha was in none of these classes. She was "aloof."

❖

The townsmen—or rather the townswomen—said "I told you so" about Agatha's marriage. Hank Dudley never changed his shiftless ways, and Agatha worked for him and waited upon him just as she had worked for and waited upon her father. No children blessed the union, which the neighbors declared was a blessing in itself, but Agatha didn't agree with them. She saw herself the mother of a flourishing family, and was comforted for the death of her best-loved sister when she heard that a pair of lusty twins had been left motherless and the father would be relieved if Agatha could mother them for him until the year of his mourning expired. Afterward, when he took a second wife, the damsel quite reasonably objected to the twins and Agatha rejoiced. They were big boys when Agatha took a heavy cold doing a washing on a blustering wintry day and took to her bed. She lived but a few days, but to the last she was blissfully happy.

"I have had such a beautiful life," she said to the neighbor, who was still her nearest friend. "Seems as though everything has always been just as I wanted it. Few women have been blessed with such a father and husband as mine." The neighbor brushed away her tears and told herself she was glad she had been mercifully spared blessings so completely disguised. But only once had she tried to waken Agatha.

"She was always homely as sin," sobbed she, as she folded Agatha's work-roughened hands in death. "But now she seems real handsome. Maybe her dreams have come true at last."

"Who knows?" said the minister's wife. "Agatha endured poverty and toil. She was, as you say, homely, but she had a great and precious gift—an inexhaustible vein of fancy that made the coarse cultured, the ugly beautiful and turned hardships into luxury. Agatha was a worker, but she never realized that life is real and earnest and cruel. For her it was all flowers and sunshine and poetry and romance. And who are we, sordid, prosaic, commonplace humans—who are we to pity Agatha?"

From the San Francisco Star.

THE MIRROR

THE SENATORIAL ALPHABET

BY ANDREW J. PRESTON (THE CIVIC BARD.)
A stands for Aldrich of "little Rhody,"
Who is going abroad to become a
"toady."

He represents Dingley tariff and spoil,
But most of all "Holy John's Standard
Oil."

B stands for Burton, He of "small
graft,"
At whom all the "big grafting" Senators
laugh.
He tried his best to protect "Major"
Dennis,
So after his First term we'll write the
word—*finis*.

C stands for Cullom, who imagines he
looks like "Old Abe,"
And that is the reason he never will
shave.
He is one of thoose shred, sophisti-
cated (?) fellows
Who when he talks of his "doings"
swells up like a bellows.

D stands for Depew, Vanderbilt's Court
Fool
The Vanderbilt Roads in him have a
tool
He can tell all about that wonderous
feat?
Of "why the chicken crossed over the
street."

E stands for Elkins, the "chum" of
"Dick" Kerens.
He is for the People (?) and Railroads
by turns,
He certainly would surprise the whole
nation
If he were against freight discrimination
F. stands for Foraker, the great Fire-
Eater
The way he snubbed Cleveland couldn't
have been neater
He thinks some day he'll go higher,
But on his chances I wouldn't take a
"flyer."

G. stands for Gorman, who holds his
place
By disfranchising the entire negro
Race.
For "Protected Industries" and "such
things" he stands.
Lord help the Country if he ever in the
Presidency "lands"

H stands for Hale, you may think it
funny,
But he represents mostly his wife's
money
He is one of those fellows from Maine
That gives all the rest of the Country
"a pain"

I stands for It which all these "fellows"
would be
If they could "knock the Plum from the
(Presidential) Christmas Tree.
They would like to do it I vow, if they
knew the trick
But they don't know how to secure the
"Big Stick"

J stands for Jones of the "rotten bor-
rough"
Who ought to be home, making a fur-
row

But it always occurs that men of his
nature
Own the whole of their State Legisla-
ture.

K stands for Kean, of whom you may
have heard?
But in any sense he *isn't* "a bird
Of course he the Trusts represents
And of doing "such business" he never
repents.

L, stands for Lodge, who's as smooth
as "grease!"
Who fondly imagines he's Teddy's
mouth-piece,"
He stands for Culture, Refinement and
Learning,
And for his country his heart always is
burning?

M, stands for Mitchell of Oregon State,
Who late in life is meeting his fate!
I wonder how he now feels?
After all thoose "Oregon Forestry
Steals."

N, stands for Knute Nelson, "The Ter-
rible Swede,"
He at least is honest, it is agreed!
He believes in calling "a spade a spade!"
For instance, witness his vote for "Free
Trade!"

O, stands for oppressed, The Country's
Brawn and Brain
The "doings" of thesee "fellows" give
all honest people "a pain."
It is no joke! and it's strictly sense
That thesee "fellows" instead of repre-
senting, most misrepresents!

P stands for Platt, of "me to fame"
Who appears to have no sense of shame
He expressly represents his own pocket
And I wouldn't be surprised if he carries
Conkling's picture in a locket.

Q stands for Quarles who will never "sit
down"
Being as he was "done up brown"
In his place, I am happy to state
The (Sovereign) People will be repre-
sented by Gov. La Follette.

S stands for Stone who stands for our
health?
And by the way is amassing wealth
He is one who never fate woo's
Without he has on that old pair of Gum
Shoes."

T stands for Tillman of "Dram Shop
Law" fame
And for any State to send such a fellow
(to the Senate) is a shame
He is for the "shafts" of his fellows "a
mark
And they like to "Jolly" him about his
"Pitchfork"

U. stands for universe which thesee
"fellows" think they are
But in such opinion they are "way above
par"
Their "doings" and "antics," and
works,"
Are about on a par with the "Terrible
Turk's!"

V, stands for "Vested Rights" of which
thesee "fellows" prate,
Vested Wrongs, my Dear Sirs, I would
state!

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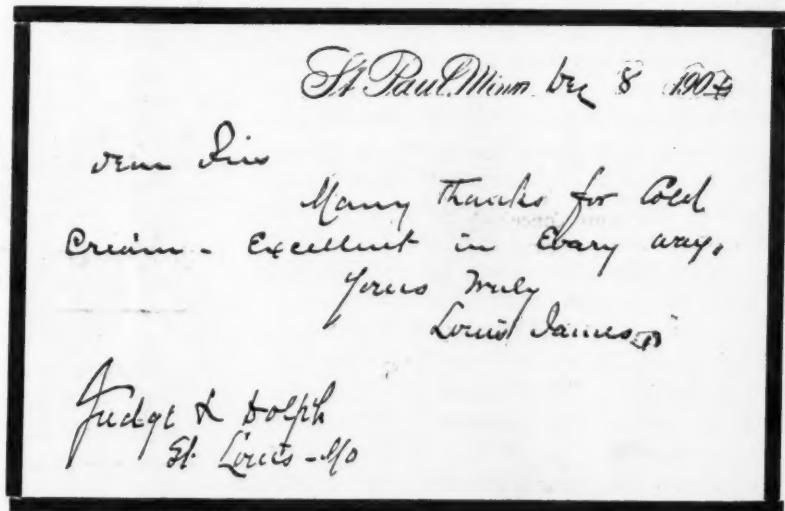
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They are also all "strong" on "The Rights of Eminent Domain"
Their plans to fool the people I think
are very plain!

W, stands for work, by which we should
Judge!
But to think they do anything (for the
People) is all folly, and fudge!
And we would not grieve a minute!
If our Honorable President would abolish
(or anhilate) the Senate.

X, for the missing quantity stands!
Surely "The Mysterious Stranger" until
he "lands!"
Gentlemen of the Legislature! It's up
to you!
For Gracious sake don't say, "what can
we do!"

Y, is for youth which few of thesee
"fellows" possess,
They lost it in acquiring riches, I guess,
I think it is quite well understood,
That most of them are in their "Second
Childhood."

Z, stands for Zebra, a kind of wild ass
I think Senator Scott belongs in that
class!
He represents nothing but money!
Yes, Fellow Citizens, it's sad, and not
"funny."

R, stands for Roosevelt, Right, Honest
and True!
Not the kind of a man that says, "what
could we do?"
He'll have our heart-felt admiration if
He will take "The Big Stick,"
And give the Pompous, Conceited, An-
archistic Senate a lick!
❖ ❖ ❖

The late Bishop Elder of Cincinnati
tried vegetarianism for some months
during his residence in Natchez, but
soon abandoned the practice, finding
that it did not agree with him. Bishop
Elder dined with one of his parishioners
one night in Natchez at about this time.
Vegetables in profusion were on the
menu, but the bishop disdained them all.
He had had enough of vegetables for a
long time. He found the meat much
more to his taste. His host, who did
not know that he had abandoned vegeta-
rianism, said in surprise: "Why,
bishop, I thought you were a vegetarian,
and here I see you eating mutton." Bishop
Elder laughed. "I am not a big-
oted vegetarian," he said; "I only eat
the meat of such animals as live on
vegetable food."

❖ ❖ ❖

"A few days ago it was my fate to be
forced to listen to a long and tedious
speech by an amateur speaker," said
Simeon Ford. "I listened to him atten-
tively for more than an hour, because,
you know, I like to have people listen
to me when I set out to bore them with
language. Well, I am glad I listened,
because if I had not done so I would
probably have missed one of the best
wind-ups to a speech I ever heard. Just
as we were all ready to drop off to
sleep, he said: 'And now, as Lady Go-
diva said when she was returning on
her ride, "I am drawing near my
clothes.'"

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A TRACT FOR THE TIMES

When he reached home he drew a
roll of bills from his pocket and tossed it
over to his wife.

"Better go shopping," he said. "Get
some of those things that we thought
we couldn't afford."

"Where did you get the money?" she
asked.

"I drew it from the bank," he re-
plied. "There's no use trying to save
anything now."

"Why not?" she inquired.

"I've joined the union," he explained.
"Joined the union?" she cried.

"Yes; had to do it; so we'll have to
spend the money in a hurry, if we don't
want to get the worst of it."

"Why?" she persisted.

"Oh, I'll be on strikes of one kind
or the other most of the time now," he
said, "and when I'm not striking I'll be
paying strike benefits. The money is
bound to go, and I want to be in a po-
sition to get as much money out of the
union as anyone. If I have money in
the bank there will be no strike ben-
efit for me when I'm ordered to quit
work. 'You don't need it,' they'll say,

'for you've got money. We can only
afford to make payments to those that
haven't any.' You see, there's a penalty
put on thrift and a premium on shift-
lessness.

"The man who saves has to pay him-
self for time lost at the order of the
union, and the man who doesn't save
gets the help. In a year from now our
money will be gone anyhow, so we
might as well spend it while we can get
some personal advantage of it, and then
come in on even terms with the other
for the strike benefits.

"It's the fellow who hasn't anything
who gets the advantage. Take the
money, Maggie, before it gets beyond
reach. You helped save it, and the
union will only help us spend it, if you
don't do it first."—Chicago Post.

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Helen Gould recently enter-
tained at luncheon at her home a num-
ber of little girls from a charitable insti-
tution. At the end of the luncheon Miss
Gould showed to the children some of
the beautiful contents of her house. She
showed them books, carved Italian fur-
niture, tapestries and marbles. "Here,"

she said, "is a beautiful statue, a statue
of Minerva." "Was she married?"
asked a little girl. "No, my child," said
Miss Gould, smiling; "she was the God-
dess of Wisdom."

❖ ❖ ❖

Johnny—"Pa, what is hell? Pa—
"The vermiform appendix of theology.
Many doctors remove it entirely."—New
York Sun.

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AT THE PLAY

BY ZOE AKINS.

Sothorn-Marlowe.

I went to see Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn in "Much Ado About Nothing" Monday night.

I'm glad I did.

Perhaps there has never been a more satisfactory Shakespearean production in St. Louis—or anywhere else. The all-star cast that played "Romeo and Juliet" at the Olympic several seasons ago gave us a treat, but we were constantly anxious because of the apparent struggle of every actor to get D. C., which means Down Centre, which in turn means the rightful domain of the "leads." And besides, that company had only Kyrie Bellew and Eleanor Robson as co-stars, while this production boasts of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn.

As for the play itself, it is perhaps one of the rarest comedies ever written—finest flower of Shakespeare's comedy genius. The story is wonderfully interesting, and its situations are exquisitely, uniquely Shakespearean in florescent fancy. Indeed, the whole comedy is so thoroughly characteristic of the Bard that his name spells its beauty, its power, its truth.

To Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe, as *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, fall the high lights. Shakespeare drew the picture in this wise, and the other *dramatis personae* fall into inevitably relative but intimately related positions. This totality of logic in the dramatico-literary conception of the play is carried out in this mimetic production. The support that the stars receive is capable, intelligent, consistent, and even enthusiastic. What's more, it is well-mannered. It is disciplined, without sight or sound of the mechanism. Every actor and actress knows his position, just as he would in a dance or a drill, and each recognizes the importance of holding it. Norman Hackett showed a trifle too much self-consciousness by something of ostentation in his carriage and speech. One of the pages wanted to be looked at, too, and got a little bit in the way. Another page, a girl, had funny old-fashioned piano legs. Otherwise the concerted action of the entire company was skillful and, as I said, well-mannered, all working together evenly, concentratigly toward the interest in the two leading characters, just as the situations in the play increase themselves in interest and develop themselves in impeccable sequence, and unite themselves toward the climax. Here and there is noticed a little of the mustiness of too much tradition, but this was only apparent in the low-comedy parts.

I except Rowland Buckstone as *Dogberry*. His traditional "business" never seemed to belong unpleasantly to some one who played the part a century or two ago. In other words, his own personality dominated his acting, at the same time giving it consistency and strength. He seemed to give us the best of the methods of the good old times, the good old lusty school of acting.

Eleanor Sanford was an attractive *Hero*. But Miss Marlowe so graciously



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aided her in making "points" that her part flashed for the most part with reflected lights. Mrs. Woodward has a delightful voice and read her lines well. Katherine Wilson, who has been with Miss Marlowe many seasons, is with her still and it's a good thing, not only for Miss Wilson, but also for Miss Marlowe. On the whole, this company understood Shakespeare's story and its meaning and they told it well, and with an affectionate sympathy for its quality of mellow romance.

Mr. Sothorn was entirely delightful. He was *blase*, self-sufficient, merry, yet altogether a man to be honored, trusted,

loved. His reading was delightful, his wit salty, his humor glowing with kindness, his psychological grasp of *Benedick's* character was true and sweet. Don't rail at that "sweet." It's exactly what I mean. And oh, how good-looking was this *Benedick*! But it's well enough that *Beatrice* won him as a husband, for I'm sure he was an infamous heart-breaker, and as *Mulvaney* said of some one, "oh, the golden miracle of his voice"—its resonance, timbre, expression. Mr. Sothorn's a great *Benedick*. I never hope to see a better, or really want to see another one.

Miss Marlowe! She was beautiful.

THE MIRROR

15

There were stars in her eyes, and the classic beauty of a Greek lyric in the perfection of her features; there was the suggestion of a flawless Greek column, white in the moonlight, in her poise. One overlooks in the glamour a tendency to *embonpoint* and it didn't interfere with her sprightly gracility; besides the impression may have been due to her voluminous draperies. There were soft flower-petals in the music of her voice and her laughter was like water-ripples in moonlight. There was the fury of an Ozark mountain storm in her rage against *Claudio*, and lifts in the storm, too, when her wit and piquant humor of spirit flashed forth from that rage. The comminglement of rage at *Claudio* and desire that *Benedick* should prove himself what she knew and felt him to be, gave the high comedy touch to the passion and gave the final effect of value in a portraiture of alluring charm of perfect womanliness and real nobility masked in fluctuant Aprilian mood. The womanliness of *Beatrice* is a womanliness that is Miss Marlowe's own, and no one's else. Miss Marlowe is one of America's most intellectual women, and I think I'll cut out the "one-of" and just say, our greatest actress. There's something in Miss Marlowe's omnipotent art that gives one, in the memory of it, a sense of possession, as if it were one's own. And immediately there comes a desire to mock at those little women of talent with mushroom reputations—to pity and patronize those lady stars of whom we say, "This one is beautiful," "This one sweet," etc. There's little Maud Adams, who has an attractive personality and a good deal of talent—though absurd when seen after careful analysis of the astonishing success which has been built up on her petite "patheticality." In remembrance of Julia Marlowe's triumphant moments

of life at its whitest, brightest, one unconsciously smiles and pities the other stage women who have been puffed into prominence on a basis of nothing but personal charm and the merest mechanics of mimetic interpretation of character in stress.

Miss Marlowe has worn her hair more becomingly done than she had it Monday night. It's more attractive done low on her neck. This is trivial, but it's the only suggestion of a disturbing flaw in her performance of *Beatrice*. She's a great and bright and bewitching and infectious *Beatrice*, but notwithstanding she's more lovely and compelling as *Juliet*, because the character is greater in possibilities. Julia Marlowe is a great comedienne, but she's superior, to my thinking, in tragedy, to the same degree that tragedy is, dramatically, superior to comedy. When years have passed, and still more years, the halo that rests on Julia Marlowe's fame will gain greater lustre, as the great number of twinkling, little pale stars diminishes. As our superflux of inferior actresses is lost in the count of time, the name of Julia Marlowe will become the one of a thousand, bright with the glory of art, and hallowed by the fragrance of her luminous womanhood.

*
Edna Wallace Hopper.

BY W. M. R.

I liked some of Edna Wallace Hopper in "Captain January" at the Garrick this week.

Not her acting—there wasn't any.

Not her voice—it was husky and raspy.

Not her *moue*—she doesn't make it as she used to make it, looking up at the altitudinous DeWolf.

No; what I liked was or were her legs. They seemed so sturdy, so self-assertive, so very indisputable, so unresilient, so collusive, one with the other, in insistent tangibility.

Miss Edna Wallace Hopper's legs swept me off my feet—what was left of me, after I had been swept by the polphloisboiancy of *Capt. January's* voice. Indeed, I hadn't a leg to stand on, and stood, metaphorically, upon Miss Hopper's legs, as she must stand on them for her claim to artistic remembrance. They are the legs for a Hopper. Indeed they are whoppers—especially, seen under a juvenile "slip."

Miss Hopper then played the leading role in "A Country Mouse." She hadn't the innocent appearance for the part. She overdid the yokel-note in her voice. She couldn't hide the fact that she was wise to the doings of the smart set around her. Miss Hopper was no more like a country mouse than I am like a bishop.

Somehow I thought Miss Hopper looked like she was under a strain and lacked her olden spontaneity, her one time dewiness, her freshness. She seemed, or her work seemed tired. Her piquancy was dulled. I think that she is utterly miscast as *Angela Muir*. The wonder is, that working up hill, as she evidently must be, in this play, she did so well. She has a charm that even herself in drawn mood cannot destroy. She could appear even in a more unsuited play and



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The play's good. It is made up of a lot of Wilde, Pinero, Bernard Shaw, Sidney Grundy, Henry Arthur Jones, *haut volée* epigrams bearing more or less remote or direct reference to the fact that it is the duty of everybody in high society to kick holes in the Seventh Commandment.

Now, I like the Seventh Commandment. It should be treated with respect—like the equator. We couldn't have real good plays without the commandment, you know.

But I don't like to have it—or the suggestion of its fracture—flaunted under my nose a whole evening. And I don't like to see innocence made a gibe and a jeer. And I don't care for a lot of fellows prancing around the stage intent upon getting their share of what W. T. Stead exposed as "the maiden tribute of Modern Babylon." Wit that plays with virtue cynically, is not tolerable—especially when it's a brummagem imitation of the real thing that Wilde gave us, the cynic wit that is really pungent philosophy, criticism of life in terms of inverted wisdom.

The lady who played the lady, who pretended to be married in order to win the affections of a man who couldn't love a woman who was not married—this actress was very good indeed. I imagine that when her chance comes she'll beat Eliza Proctor Otis a mile in the role of villainess. The actor who played the role of the elderly noble chippy-chaser was very good, too. Indeed the whole supporting company is excellent—but rather shy, let me whisper, as to pulchritudinosity.

Miss Hopper played her role of pert and simulated innocence as well as she could. Her methods are a little too broad, a deal too musical-comedyish for the part. Her "country mouse" is a soubrette, and at times almost suggestive of "that extinct mammal, the Parisian grisette," when the lines of the part call only for the character of a coquette.

And yet the evening I put in Sunday at the Garrick was enjoyable—even with the continual going-off of fire-crackers against marital constancy, and parlor matches snapping and crackling on the seamy side of the West End's Cloth of Gold.

Mr. Clark McAdams said that no one could have written the play but the MIRROR'S *Blue Jay*, who, however, would have been more flattered by the ascription to the wearer of that *nom de guerre* of the authorship of the McAdams criticisms in the *Post-Dispatch*. *Blue Jay* has some regard for the Seventh Commandment, although the favorite commandment of that person is the Eleventh—"Thou shalt not be found out."

Too bad, though, that Miss Hopper's legs have no chance to assert themselves in the play, as they do in the curtain-raiser.

"The Heart of Maryland," once a favorite piece of David Belasco's, in which Mrs. Leslie Carter first began to achieve fame, is thrilling the Imperial audiences this week. Florence Foster, as the heroine, who saves her lover's life by

preventing the ringing of the Curfew, is very effective. Others in the company whose work aids materially in the success of the production, are William F. Wolcott, B. J. Murphy, Arthur E. Sprague, Harold Slater and Alice Fitch.

An old-time minstrel show such as George Primrose is well qualified to put forth is amusing the Century patrons this week. Everybody in the company is a blackface artist, and the singing, joking and story telling make the auditors hark back to the days of a decade or two ago. Among the good vocalists in the company are William H. Stenberg, Spencer Kelley, Frank Coombs, Harry Webster, Gus Reed, Hugh Brady, George Bingham, H. S. Whitney and Ed Von Bergen. Supporting these is a chorus of twenty male voices. The show has the ring of genuine minstrelsy throughout. With dancing, negro comedy acts and ballad singing it is replete. The scenic features, "The Evolution of the Negro" and "The Birth of the Rose," are masterpieces.

Miss Sophie Brandt, a St. Louis girl, has been enthusiastically received by the Grand audiences this week, because of her clever work as a comic opera star in "The Princess-Chic." Hers is the same part in which Marguerite Sylva made such a hit some seasons ago, and Miss Brandt appears to be on the same road to success. Miss Brandt is by no means a novice, having previously appeared in "The Prince of Pilsen" and in "The Venetian Romance Company." "The Princess Chic" is very good entertainment material of the lighter sort. It is bright, romantic and has many pleasing musical numbers. Scenically it is also effective.

"The Kentucky Belles" are furnishing first-class entertainment at the Standard this week. "Murphy's Masquerade," a two-act farce, introducing quite a selection of musical numbers, is the leading feature of the performance. Between the acts a strong specialty bill is introduced.

Coming Attractions.

Rogers Brothers will make their annual visit to St. Louis next week, playing, as usual, at the Olympic. They will present "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," which is said to be a show-piece of splendor and of much fun-making material. Josephine Cohan has a prominent place in the production. The show will open Sunday night instead of Monday, as has been the Olympic's custom.

Next Sunday afternoon lovers of music will have an opportunity of hearing that wonderful boy violinist, Frank von Vecsey, at the Garrick. Vecsey's admirers, among them many musicians of renown, pronounce him a finished artist.

James K. Hackett in a new play, "The Fortunes of the King," by Charles E. Doremus and Leofidas Westervelt, will be seen next week, commencing Monday night, at the Century. The play is said to be elegantly suited to Mr. Hackett's ability. It is romantic in theme.

"Too Proud to Beg," one of the melo-

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dramatic successes from the pen of Lincoln J. Carter, will be seen next week at the Imperial Theater. The piece has been seen here before. It is a thriller in many respects and is popular with the Imperial patrons.

Next week, commencing Sunday night, the attraction at the Garrick will be "By Right of Sword," with Ralph Stuart in the leading role, and supported by a company of capable actors and actresses. This piece promises to be as popular with the local theater goers as any of the Garrick's previous successes.

The Utopian Burlesquers, one of the best shows on that circuit, will be at the Standard next week. A long list of specialties and a couple of burlesques will be the features of the performance. There are a number of first-class entertainers in the company.

Mason & Mason will follow "Princess Chic" at the Grand next week. They are presenting an entertainment that is said to be original and crisp.

A New York woman tells of an experience which she had recently in one of the large department stores. She was looking for some house furnishings, and, walking up to one of the floor-walkers, asked where she could see the candelabra.

"All canned goods two counters to the left," answered the official guide, briefly.—*Harper's Weekly*.

LITERARY NOTES

Perhaps it is not generally known that in Richmond, Mo., there dwells a poet of the old-fashioned school, whose verses have been winning a fair mead of praise throughout the land. This poetic Missourian is W. M. Byram, who, in addition to courting the muse, is a practitioner of medicine. Recently Dr. Byram has had published a volume of his verse under the title of "Poems by William M. Byram." And it is a meritorious little volume, in which the more serious work is interspersed with poems in lighter vein. Mr. Byram is a great admirer evidently of Poe, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson. His work generally is technically correct. He sings on a variety of interesting themes and topics. The little volume may be read with profit. It is from the press of Richard G. Badger & Co. of Boston.

One of the first books upon the events and persons brought into special prominence by the war in the East is the work of Douglas Story, entitled "The Campaign with Kuropatkin." It has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. Mr. Story has given a remarkably clear and interesting picture of the Russian General Kuropatkin, also of Admiral Alexieff and the modern Skobelev, as well as of the other outstanding leaders in the Manchurian field. His descriptions of battles are vivid, and with these are a general criticism of the principal figures and a bold summing up of the situation. The volume is elaborately illustrated with reproductions from photographs,

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and has particular value because of the large number of interviews with Russian officers which it contains.

The life of the composer, "Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky, 1840-1853," written by his brother, Modeste Tchaikovsky, appears with illustrations and fac similes and an introduction by the editor, Rosa Newmarch, who has prepared the work from the Russian and German editions, is among the interesting volumes soon to

issue from the press of John Lane, publisher, of New York and London. Another volume in Mr. Lane's list of interest to music lovers is "The Singing of the Future," by D. Ffrangcon-Davies, a well-known teacher of singing. The book carries an introduction by Sir Edward Elgar, the composer, together with a photogravure portrait of the author.

A study of Berlioz and the romantic movement, a full analysis of programme music, past and present, and the rela-

tions of Herbert Spencer, Maeterlinck and Richard Strauss to music and its future are discussed in a volume of essays by Ernest Newman, entitled "Musical Studies."

In poetry, Mr. Lane announces the two-volume collection of the "Poems of William Watson," edited and arranged by J. A. Spender, and "New Poems," by Arthur Christopher Benson, together with the "Collected Poems of Ernest Dowson," with illustrations and a cover

THE MIRROR

design by Aubrey Beardsley and a portrait.

In Belles Letters appears a book of essays by Gilbert K. Chesterton, the well-known critic and humorist, author of "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." In this book, entitled "Heretics," Mr. Chesterton deals in particular and at large with the heresies of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. H. G. Wells, Omar and the Oamarites, Mr. George Bernard Shaw and others. Edmond Holmes puts forth an essay entitled "What Is Philosophy?" The author of "What Is Poetry?" "Walt Whitman," "The Silence of Love," etc., deals herein with the ethics of philosophy from a hitherto unconsidered point of view. Vernon Lee, author of "Hortus Vitae," offers a series of essays in her characteristic style on the "Genius of Places," under the title of "The Enchanted Woods." Mrs. Mary Rose, curator of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon, has brought together in convenient compass the known facts re-

garding the great dramatist's mother, his sister, his wife, his daughters and his granddaughter in a volume illustrated from photographs, entitled "The Women of Shakespeare's Family." H. W. Nevinson includes in his book of essays on literary subjects "Books and Personalities," a notable appreciation of Heine; and under the title, "Ota," the contributions in prose and verse made by the late Armine Thomas Kent to the *Saturday Review* and other publications are brought together, including his illuminative article on the "Poetry of Leigh Hunt." "Super Flumina" is the title of a book of essays that will appeal to all lovers of Isaak Walton, being "Angling Observations of a Coarse Fisherman."

Among the new books or "Nature and Sports" should be mentioned a volume by Captain A. I. R. Glasfurd (Indian Army), entitled "Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle," being the record of thirteen years of jungle life.

+

Amelie Rives, well known as the author of "Virginia of Virginia," "The Quick or the Dead?" and other stories and poems, has written a dramatic poem entitled "Selene," which the Harpers have just published. The theme is the love of *Diana (Selene)* for *Endymion*, and it relates the struggle of the beautiful goddess against the love which finally masters her. The poem is admirably conceived and developed in the classic style suited to the theme, and will interest even those who do not usually read poetry.

+

A little pamphlet of poems, wholly unpretentious in appearance, but containing many pretty gems of thought and verse, deserving of more than passing notice, is "A Voice Crying in the Wilderness," which has recently been received by the MIRROR. The author is Mr. Peter Golden of 716 Newstead avenue, St. Louis. Mr. Golden is already well known in St. Louis as a writer of prose and poetry, but the present pamphlet will do much to introduce him to a larger circle of acquaintances and readers. There is that in his work which compels attention and perusal, especially in the stirring poems which are sprinkled with that biting satire that recalls Pope or Byron. Mr. Golden sings on a number of themes, Pegasus carrying him unerringly from America to the Philippines and thence to Erin's Isle. The reform movement in St. Louis and Missouri also stirs his muse and there are quite a number of poems on other more or less interesting topics. "A Voice Crying in the Wilderness" deserves perusal. Its price is 50 cents per copy.

+

Parthenon is the name of an up-to-date weekly newspaper devoted to the Greeks of the United States. *Parthenon* is published in New York City. It is printed in Greek and contains all the world news of interest to its clientele, as well as editorial comment and occasional illustrations.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

EDITORIAL OBITER DICTA.

Joplin, Mo., March 9, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

A lady friend of mine says that Markham's "Man With the Hoe" is the best poem printed in America in the last twenty years. Is she right? If not, what is the best American poem in the last twenty years? R. B. D.

[The young lady is not right—though tastes differ. Two or three of Bliss Carman's or Richard Hovey's poems are better poetry. "Wishmakers' Town," by William Young, is greater—a bit of fine fancy and philosophy blent in limpidly, pellucidly, clear and clean-cut vein. It is a "trifle," but surely the most delightful trifling, and for feeling it is true-toned and feathily colored, though here again tastes differ. The best long poem of the last twenty years is the sonnet-sequence of Ernest McGaffey, first printed in the MIRROR and issued in book form from this office. Mr. Markham's "Man With the Hoe" is not a great poem. It is a happy elaboration of commonplace, like Senator Ingalls' sonnet on "Opportunity." A recent strong volume of verse is George Sterling's "Testimony of the Suns, and Other Poems." Mr. Sterling lives and publishes in San Francisco.—EDITOR THE MIRROR.]

♦

ACTOR DIXEY NOT COMING.

St. Louis, March 15.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Kindly inform me through this week's MIRROR if Mr. Henry E. Dixey has an engagement for St. Louis this season; and with what company, here or elsewhere.

Oblige,

Very truly,

L. F. M.

[Mr. Dixey is not with any of the shows booked for the present season by St. Louis theaters.—ED. THE MIRROR.]

♦

A SUGGESTION.

St. Louis, March 8, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

My suggestion for increasing the population of St. Louis is to have the Million Club petition the President to allow the Filipino Scouts to remain here for a year or two. This would also serve to avert, for a time, the threatened danger of race suicide.

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♦ ♦ ♦

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Joint Agent Norton, who represented twenty St. Louis terminal lines during the World's Fair, has made a statement of the number of tickets passing through the validating office, which shows one-fifth of the total number handled were Wabash tickets.

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Choral Symphony Concert.

Dvorak's "New World" Symphony was the feature of the Choral Symphony Concert given Monday night. Mr. Ernst gave an appreciative reading of this fascinating work without that exertion which brings about the despair of his laundress and the collapse of his linen.

Miss Anita Rio was the soloist. Her voice is clear and agreeable, though it lacks much of the life and sparkle that it had when this soprano sang here about two years ago. Miss Rio succeeded in pleasing her audience so well with the "Carmen" and "Aida" arias for which she was programmed that she was obliged to add two songs.

The lady's head dress and facial decorations are somewhat suggestive of *l'art nouveau*. This, no doubt, is very effective in its way, but it struck a slightly glaring note in the otherwise sober C. S. S. function.

*
Maleck.

The Budweisser youth had a most miserable time of it at the Y. M. C. A. last week. "Parsifal," the weather, and a thousand and one things kept people away from his recital, and the total receipts were something like seventy dollars. Then, to make matters worse, he was not allowed to play in peace to his pathetically small audience. The exuberant Christian Young Men seemed perniciously engrossed in some jiu jitsu rites in a contiguous gymnasium, raising such a satanic row that poor little Maleck was completely disconcerted, and Manager Strine rushed about frantically, seeking some one in authority who could persuade the ebullient enthusiasts to observe the more decorous amenities. Maleck played as well as could be expected.

Under the present regime the only sort of entertainment that Association Hall or any other room in the Y. M. C. A. building is fit for, is a dog or a prize fight. The place is bedlam, and the management seems absolutely indifferent to the fate of the unfortunates who rent the hall. Some time ago a reader engaged this room to demonstrate her ability as an entertainer, but she, being only human, was not proof against the conglomerate combination of the violins, cornets, trombones, and tubas, to say nothing of flutes, clarinets and bassoons that made up the Amateur Orchestra rehearsing in an adjacent room, all dominated by righteously rioting young America rampant, and as she was not posing as a pantomimist, Miss R.—s powers are still in open question.

*
The Kroeger Recital.

Mr Kroeger pulled down from his shelves an almost unknown composition for performance at the fourth of his series of recitals, given last Sunday. It was the sole sonata written by Tschaikowski, his opus 37, and Mr. Kroeger played the slow movement in E minor. The work is of inordinate length—fifty pages—and its content hardly warrants

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the performance of the entire composition; Tschaikowski is rarely heard to advantage on the piano, but this *Andante* is the composer in one of his infrequent pianistic moods, and deserves to be more generally included in the pianist's programme.

The remainder of the programme consisted of popular works profICIENTLY played.

*
Ysaye.

A giant—musically as well as physically—Ysaye begins where most virtuosos end. The hearer is not aware of the technical expertness of the violinist, nor seems Ysaye conscious of the wonderful feats he achieves; music making absorbs the artist and his auditory when this man lifts his bow.

This Belgian musician has not visited America for six years, and his one St. Louis appearance at the Odeon, Monday evening, is an event of the greatest importance musically.

*
Union Musical Lenten Concert.

The programme to be presented at the Lenten concert of the Union Musical Club is unique, and promises to be exceptionally interesting. Mrs. Rohland, who is responsible for the unfamiliar numbers of which it is made up, may be depended upon for compositions of merit and charm, to say nothing of thoroughly artistic interpretations.

PIERRE MARTEAU.

*
Under the direction of Mr. Clemens Strassberger, the pupils of the Strassberger Conservatories will participate in


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two pupils' recitals at the North Side Conservatory on Thursday and Friday evenings this week. On Friday night Profs. N. Sacks, C. W. Kern, J. Robert, Horace P. Dibble, Bruno Strassberger and Misses Annie Von der Ahe and Grace Sheets will present their pupils in a choice programme. On Thursday night the subjoined programme will be given by the pupils of the classes pre-

sided over by Prof. Dr. Goldbeck, Richard Stempf, Sig. Guido Parisi and Miss Adelaide Kalkman. Thursday's programme, in detail, is:

Piano—(a) Solo, "Sympathic," G. Smith, (b) Duet, "Zampa Overture," Herold, (a) Grace Spindler, (b) Nora Schnittker and Stella Sauer.

Violin—(a) "La Calma," Serenade, Bazzini, (b) "Mazurka," Myliarsky, Andrew Clark.

Piano—(a) "Wie beruehrt mich wundersam," Bendel, (b) "Love Song," Goldbeck, (a) Emma Schuermeyer, (b) Emma Schnack (Boonville, Mo.)

Vocal—(a) "I Love Thee So," DeKoven, (b) "Lascia eh' io Pianga," Handel, (a) Agnes Hanick, (b) Alma Bagley.

Piano—(a) "Dreaming of the Brooks," Goldbeck, (b) "Scherzo" B. Flat Minor, Chopin, (a) Lucilla Ruehmorf, (b) Nell Lewis (Missoula, Mont.)

Violin—(a) "Air" on G. String, Bach, (b) "Valse L'Aragonaise," Alard, August Schmitt.

Piano—(a) "La Dance des Dryades," Goldbeck, (b) "Praise of Tears," Liszt, (a) Mercy Losse, (b) Irene Besch.

Vocal—(a) "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," Saint Saens, (b) "Angels Sere-nade" (Violin Obligato), Braga, (a) Adelaide Berne, (b) Ella Flammger.

Piano—(a) "Second Valse," Godard, (b) "Liebes Walzer," Moszkowski, (a) Ursula Dougherty, (b) Bertha Harz.

Violin—(a) "Scene de Ballet," Ch. DeBeriol, Herbert Stein.

Piano—(a) "Chromaticque," Godard, (b) "Twelfth Rhapsody," Liszt, (a) Alma Hoffmeister, (b) Edna Kuhnen (Highland, Ill.)

Vocal—Selected, Mabel Hild.

Piano—(a) "Fruhlings Nacht," Schumann-Liszt, (b) "Grande Polonaise" in E., Liszt, (a) Mrs. E. G. McGerry, (b) Aug. Sauter (Boonville, Mo.)

❖ ❖ ❖

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Walking Suits of fancy striped and brown covert; new reefer style, trimmed with tailor straps and buttons to match.....\$26.50

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ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY MEET

Next Saturday evening the fifth annual indoor meet of the St. Louis University Athletic Association will be held at the Jai Alai auditorium. The faculty as well as the students of this institution are now among the leaders in local scholastic circles in the promotion of pure college athletics, and they have aroused great interest in this coming meet, which promises to surpass all pre-

vious efforts of the University in that line. Some of the best college athletes of the West will be seen in the various events. As an illustration of the size of the meet, it is only necessary to point

to the large entry list—97 in a programme of 27 events. Amateur athletic circles as well as society are interested in the outcome of a majority of the contests, and a large local attendance is consequently expected. Besides, there will be many out of town visitors. Boxes are on sale at the University and reserved seats may be obtained at Bollman's, 1120 Olive street.

THE MIRROR

THE STOCK MARKET

It would appear that the Wall street market is now going up on "general principles." Nothing of particular importance cropped out in the past week to justify bullish enthusiasm, yet the syndicates succeeded in lifting values quite materially in a few instances, and thereby checked all serious attempts at bear aggression. The market is still thoroughly in control of the cliques, and the public is ready, and even anxious, to nibble at the tempting bait. The bold demonstrations in various quarters, from time to time, are stimulating the public's appetite. There can be no question about this. Yet, at the same time, it remains true that prices are pretty high in many cases. There are some stocks selling at prices utterly unwarranted. I have in mind one particular issue which is quoted at more than 30, and yet is not worth more than five dollars a share. However, such considerations count for naught at the present juncture. Intrinsic values are lost sight of when a bull movement is in full swing. The way they continue to talk in Wall street brokers' offices, one would imagine that Reading common were destined to sell at 200, St. Paul at 300, New York Central at 250, and other active issues accordingly, within the next three months.

This extravagance of expectation among bull ranks is not surprising. It is the natural result of an upward move in prices that has lasted more than eight months already. Besides, we are in the vernal season. The sap is rising in the trees, and that, according to Wall street's ancient belief, should alone warrant higher quotations. However, there will and must soon be a stop to all this bullish manipulation. The cliques may remain in control for a little while yet, but the end is approaching. This must be apparent to all who have eyes to see. The rigging and jack-screwing now going on cannot establish permanent values. It is done to fool the outsider. There's nothing behind it, in the majority of cases, except some fine "nerve" and dishonest finesse.

In New York, bankers continue to talk in a most optimistic strain. They tell us blandly that money is a drug on

the market. There's no squeeze in sight. Everything will remain lovely and serene. They would have us believe that there's all the money necessary for a hot, roaring bull market for months to come. Let's see! Didn't they talk along the same lines some two and a half years ago? I think they did. In fact, they talk "through their hats" every time the cliques want to "unload" at sky-high prices. They like a stiff upward movement, because it means enormous profits to them. They will not do anything to disturb the little ingenious plans of the ringsters, even when most of the money has to be drawn from the trust companies. The rotund Wall street financier must never be taken at his word. He is more than likely to be himself up to his neck in some stock-jobbing scheme or other. Did you read that item, a few days ago, about the Hanover National Bank having given \$100,000 credit to a broker on the most flimsy of security? The inside history of that and some other mighty prominent financial institutions would make interesting reading. The Hanover National, City National and First National Bank crowd have been the undoing of many a whilom flourishing speculator. Some of the most disreputable stock-rigging in Tennessee Coal & Iron, Jersey Central Amalgamated and Steel issues can be traced directly to their back-offices.

Reading common continues to move in a lively fashion. Every time there's nothing doing in the rest of the market, or danger of a sharp set-back, this particular stock is hoisted according to old-established methods and made to sell at new high figures. The shares are now close to 100. Some five or six years ago they went begging at about 19 and 20. Wall street is circulating reports that the Pennsylvania and New York Central people are still buying large blocks of this stock. Of course, that's all nonsense. Interests of that caliber do not buy at present figures. They bought all they wanted below 50. For the present, there is nothing tempting in purchases of Reading common. The stock is a dangerous proposition from a buying as well as a selling standpoint. It seems to be completely "cornered." The "gang" controlling it could either put it still higher, or knock it down in a startling fashion, any time it thought fit to do so. The "cornering" operations are, of course, greatly facilitated by the fact that the majority of the stock is locked up in the vaults of the New York Central and Baltimore & Ohio. It's a minority stock, in other words, and that alone makes it an unsafe issue for the average speculator. I would certainly think a dozen times before I would buy a three per cent stock (assuming that it is such) at about par, when the four per cent general mortgage bonds of the same company, which come ahead of both preferred and common, are selling at about the same price.

There's still lots of bull talk on Pennsylvania. It would seem, however, that some interests are "feeding out" these shares every time the price moves up a notch or two. Doubtless there are many

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William H. Lee & Company have been called upon many times lately to answer the query, "Why is Lee's Old Crow whiskey retailed at less than cost?" To the thousands of our customers who are patrons because of the excellence and high grade of our brands we believe some explanation is due.

The cutting in price of Lee's Old Crow is not widespread. Waiving the question of bad faith manifested in the circumstances attending the purchase of the goods from us for such a purpose, we print herewith for the benefit of the public generally, the facts ascertained in one of the several cases we have investigated.

It is known to us that the house in question has been purchasing rectified bulk liquors. The revenue stamps on their barrels show their goods to be neither straight whiskey bearing two stamps, nor blended whiskey taken from tax-paid goods. On the contrary, it is covered by a rectifier's stamp, the form of which shows it to be a low grade whiskey. This compound, when bottled, does not cost the dealer thirty cents a quart.

Every patron of the Lee brands, attracted by a cut price, is asked to buy, instead of our Old Crow, a bottle of the attractively labeled, rectified whiskey at ninety cents, upon the false representation that it is "just as good as Billy Lee." The same house bottles the rectified whiskey in another package and asks \$1.25 and \$1.50 per quart for it, thereby making a profit of from 300 to 500 per cent. The opportunity for this fraud is given by drawing customers to the house by a cut rate on a popular brand. It is readily understood why Lee's Old Crow is made the avenue by which sales of inferior goods are made at heavy profit.

We are pledged to protect our patrons and will do so. In view of the tendency of such dealers to refill Lee bottles we earnestly request our friends to patronize those firms whose maintenance of the regular price is a guarantee of the genuineness of the contents of the package.

The excise laws of Missouri are stringent and comprehensive. The course of legitimate dealers is well defined and the methods of such firms as we mention above are clearly within the penal statutes. The legitimate retailer is defrauded and it is our intention to lend the latter every assistance in attacking the questionable methods of the houses in mind. Aside from the violation of business ethics, their legal position is vulnerable in many ways, and offers an opportunity to forever end the practice in this city.

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parties who are letting go of a large portion, if not all of their holdings acquired in the last four years in connection with "stock-rights." The same can be said of New York Central. If it were not for this sort of liquidation, the quotations for these two stocks would unquestionably be upon a considerably higher basis than they are at this writing. However, if the bull coach is not upset soon, it may well be that both New York Central and Pennsylvania will be given a sharp additional advance. Pennsylvania is still about thirteen points below the high level of three years ago. New York Central, also, has so far failed to climb up to its previous top-notch, which was 170.

The reduction in the Bank of England's rate of discount last week from three to two and a half per cent was in line with expectations entertained for some weeks. The official rate is now lower than it was at any time since September, 1899. At the same time, it must not be overlooked that the open market rate in London is considerably above the official rate of the Bank of England. There is, in fact, an actual scarcity of cash in the London market, too much money being tied up in connection with government operations. There is another singular fact to be recorded, and that is, that the official rate of the Bank of France is now above that of the Bank of England for the first time since 1895, while the open market rate in Paris is actually below that in London. These singular, perplexing, antithetical financial phenomena are somewhat difficult to explain and have already caused a good deal of conjecture. The lowering of the London rate accounts for the weakness in sterling exchange in the last few days.

New York Central is still being connected with Union Pacific. The Harriman interests, through the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., are said to be acquiring control of the great Vanderbilt system. Rumors have it that the Harriman people are to issue 3½ per cent bonds of the Union Pacific in payment for New York Central stock at \$200 per share, and the same bonds in payment of Chicago & Northwestern at \$300 per share. The Vanderbilts are intimated to have already disposed of 100,000 shares of Central at \$175 per share to the firm above mentioned. In regard to all this rumor, it will be the best policy to await results. The deal, if consummated, will be a momentous one, and should have decisive influence on the entire railroad world of the country.

Railroad earnings, for February, showed a slight decrease in gross, owing, no doubt, to the extremely unfavorable weather conditions prevailing during that month. Pig-iron production, on March 1st, was slightly below the record of February 1st, but still very considerably above all previous high records.

♦

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Street railway shares continue the leading attractions in the local market.

The good annual showing of the United Railways Company, issued last week, and the rumors bearing upon the absorption of the lines by the North American, together with the enlivened speculative zest in this community, are the factors behind the upward movement in both preferred and common, the common especially. An odd lot of two shares of the common was latterly sold at 31. Large sales are being made at from 30 to 30½. This stock has gained about seven points in the past week or so. The other day, there was published an item in a Wall street paper predicting par for these shares. This, of course, intensified the bullish feeling on the stock. It is intimated that the North American already owns \$18,000,000 of the common. This seems to be an exaggeration, however. All the company needs is a majority interest, and this the Brown Bros. syndicate are in position to convey without the least difficulty. The buying latterly was purely of a speculative character. The preferred stock is quiet, but strong. The last sale was made at 79¼. The 4 per cent bonds are also higher. They are selling, in a small way, at 89½. St. Louis & Suburban stock has risen to 82, at which a sale of 10 shares was made a few days ago.

Bank and trust company issues appeared neglected in the past week. Missouri-Lincoln is changing hands at about 143¾. The stock seems to be destined to go higher. There is fair demand for it on all setbacks. Bank of Commerce developed a little activity. The last sale was effected at 326. A lot of 10 shares of American Central Insurance was disposed of at 257. For Third National, 326½ is bid, 328 asked.

St. Louis Brewing 6s have risen to 101½, at which a few thousand-dollar bonds changed hands lately. Kansas City Home Telephone 5s are going at 97¾. For Merchants' Bridge 6s 113½ is bid.

The National Candy Company has announced that it will pay the regular dividend of \$3.50 per share on both first and second preferred for the last six months of 1904, on March 15, to stockholders of record on February 15.

The Pierce Investment Trust Company has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$5,000,000, of which Mr. H. Clay Pierce owns almost 50,000 shares. It is hinted that offices will be established in the Bank of Commerce building.

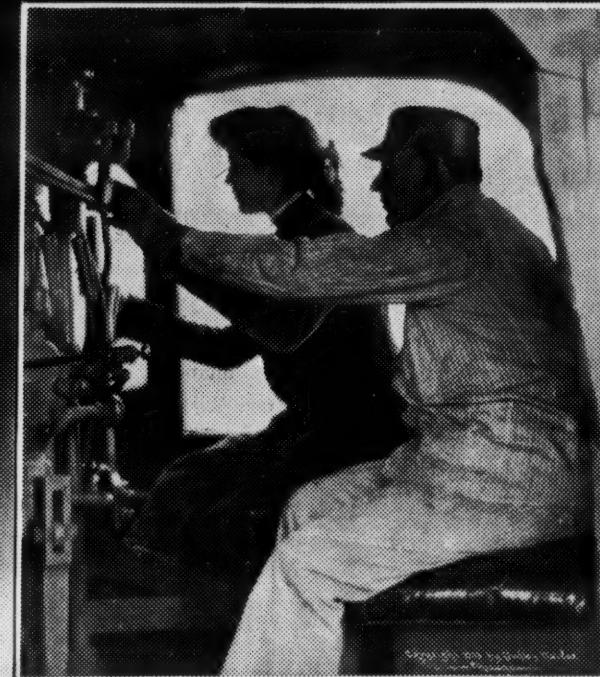
Central Coal & Coke common has advanced to 71. For the preferred 80½ is bid, with none offering. A lot of 10 shares of Simmons Hardware second preferred sold at 127 recently.

Bank clearances continue to expand. Bankers note a slight increase in demand for loans. Country business is light, however. Sterling exchange is lower. The last quotation was \$4.87. Drafts on New York continue to decline.

The purchase of \$2,500,000 Philippine 4 per cent bonds by the Mercantile Trust Company, of this city, attracted considerable attention in financial circles. The bonds were bought at a price that should make them tempting purchases for banknote circulation purposes, since they are available as security against such notes. It will be remembered that a similar issue of bonds was purchased by a Kansas City bank some time ago. There can be no question any longer but that the West is looming up in great shape in the Nation's financial transactions.

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According to the Conway Springs Star a young miss in one of the schools gave as the three most important events of life, "marriage, birth and death." "That's very well," said the teacher, "but you have the order reversed. Birth comes before marriage." "Not in our family," was the reply.

THE WABASH IMPROVING

In line with its policy of improvement in passenger service, the Wabash Line has uniformed its Cafe Car Waiters on the "Banner Blue Limited" between St. Louis and Chicago, with white Tuxedo coats and low-cut black vests. The new uniform is very striking and attractive.

ON MARCH 21ST

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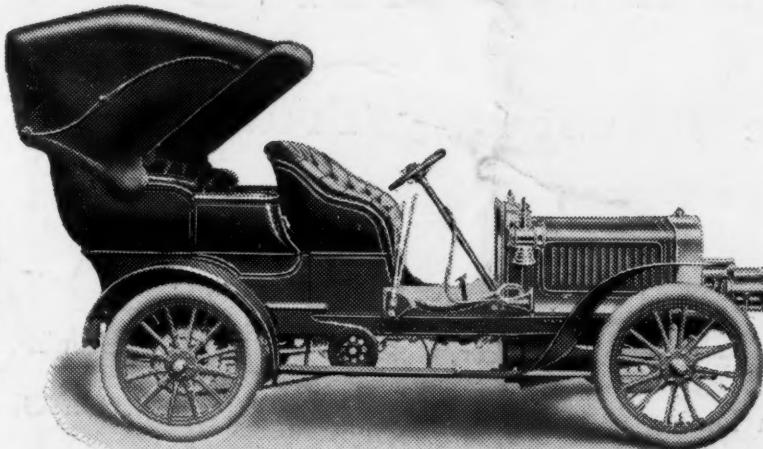
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PLEASE read the headline again. Note the emphasis we place upon the words "**Every POPE-TOLEDO Car**" That's the point for you to take into consideration—the performances of **any** POPE-TOLEDO Stock Car—not the performances of the POPE-TOLEDO Racer, or any other racer. POPE-TOLEDO Racers have won triumph after triumph. POPE-TOLEDO Cars



30 h. p., 4 cyl., Pope-Toledo.

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